

No 36-  
OCT.

# ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

10¢

LOOK AT ME! CAN  
YOU IMAGINE **YOUR**  
FACE TURNING INTO  
SOMETHING LIKE  
**THIS?**

**H**E COULDN'T  
ESCAPE  
THE AWFUL FATE  
OF A **WEREWOLF!**  
Read  
**"The Midnight  
Howl"** -- in this  
THRILLING  
ISSUE!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# Forbidden...yet YOURS!



That's "FORBIDDEN WORLDS"...  
THE THRILLING NEW COMICS  
MAGAZINE THAT LIFTS THE  
VEIL OF FORBIDDEN KNOWLEDGE!

We DARE YOU TO READ THIS MAG-  
AZINE...TO VENTURE INTO FOR-  
BIDDEN WORLDS...UNKNOWN  
WORLDS! READ IT...AND WATCH  
THE SUPERNATURAL COME ALIVE!  
MEET GHOSTS, ZOMBIES, WERE-  
WOLVES, VAMPIRES... CHILL TO  
BLACK MAGIC FROM BEYOND  
LIFE ITSELF...GASP AT STRANGER  
THINGS THAN EVER THE MIND  
OF MAN CONCEIVED!

9¢s ALL HERE FOR YOU IN  
THE ONE MAGAZINE THAT  
DARES TO BE DIFFERENT  
...THAT DARES TO TELL  
ALL! FOR THE THRILL-TIME  
OF A LIFETIME, READ

## FORBIDDEN WORLDS

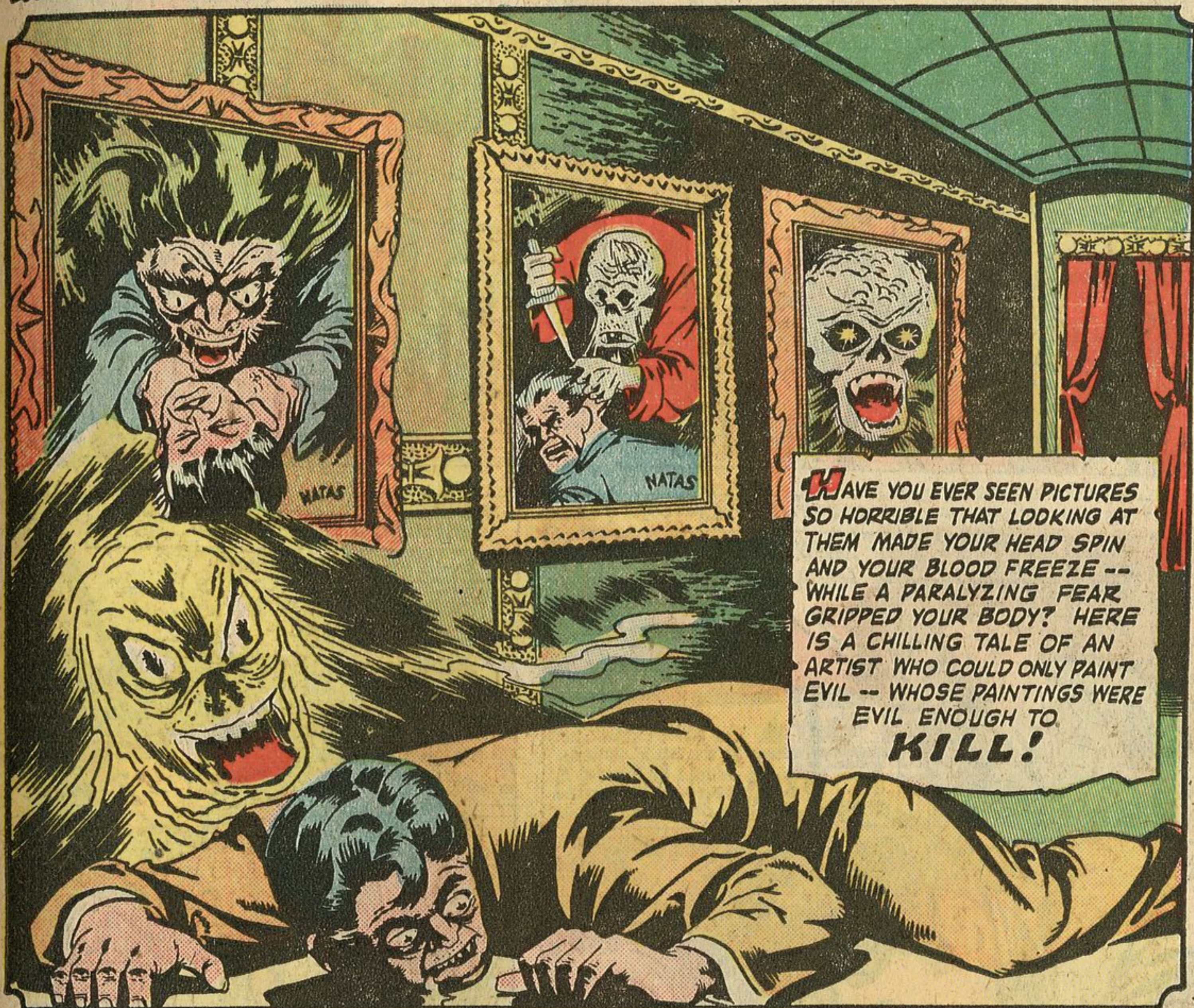
EXPLORING the SUPERNATURAL!

10¢  
on all  
STANDS

The great new companion to "ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!"



# ARTIST of EVIL



**H**AVE YOU EVER SEEN PICTURES SO HORRIBLE THAT LOOKING AT THEM MADE YOUR HEAD SPIN AND YOUR BLOOD FREEZE -- WHILE A PARALYZING FEAR GRIPPED YOUR BODY? HERE IS A CHILLING TALE OF AN ARTIST WHO COULD ONLY PAINT EVIL -- WHOSE PAINTINGS WERE EVIL ENOUGH TO **KILL!**

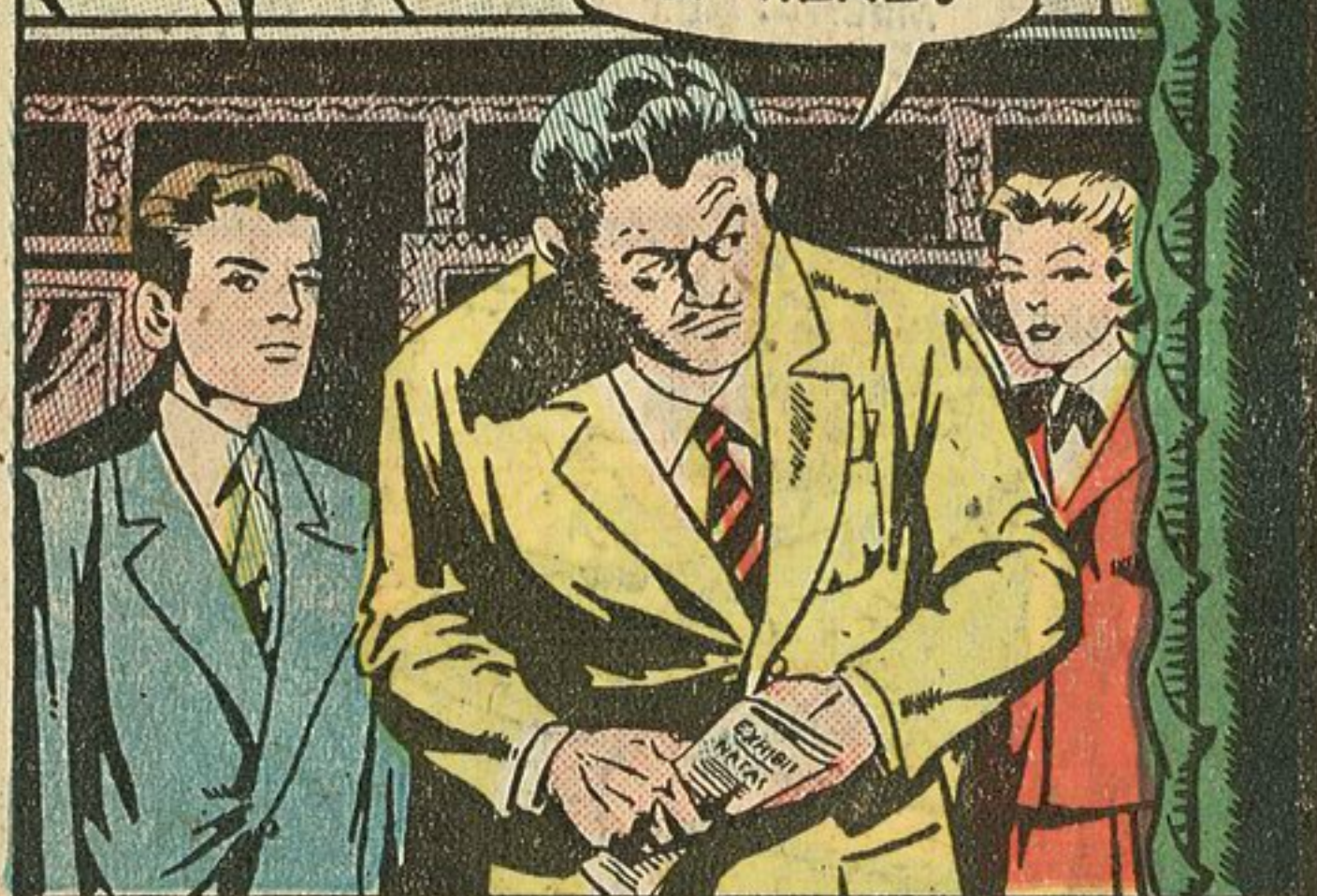
AT A NEW ONE-MAN EXHIBIT --

THE SCENES ARE SO-- REAL! I WISH I COULD LEARN TO PAINT THAT WAY, JIM! AND YET -- THERE'S SOMETHING FRIGHTENING ABOUT THEM!

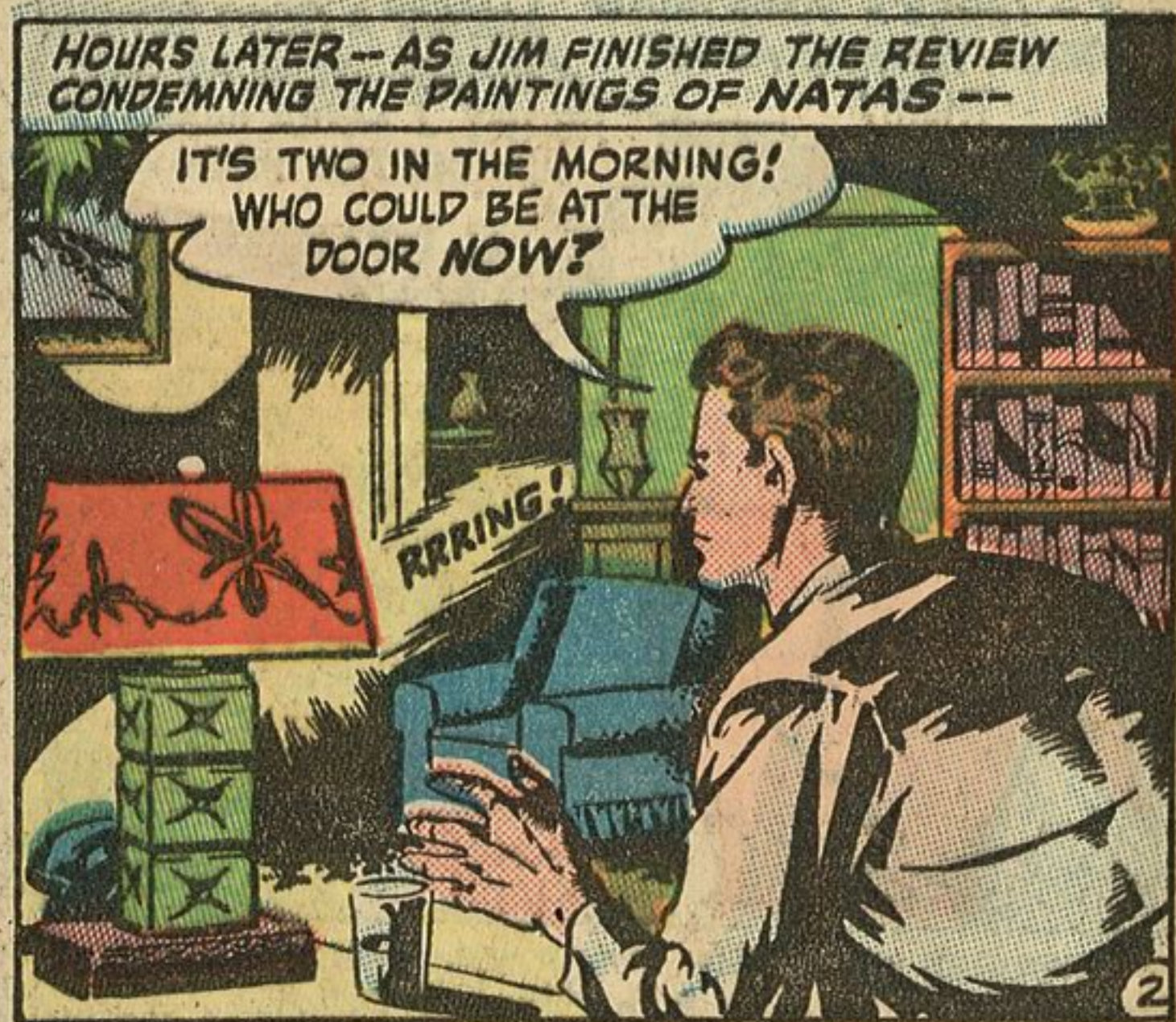
MAYBE.. BUT THE TECHNIQUE IS FLAWLESS! AND AS A CRITIC, I OUGHT TO GIVE THIS ARTIST A GOOD REVIEW! NATAS -- WONDER WHO HE IS? I NEVER HEARD OF HIM BEFORE, PEGGY!

HI, SUMMERS -- SO YOU'RE WRITING YOUR REVIEW TOO! WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THEY'RE MONSTROUS! GOOD TECHNICALLY, OF COURSE, BUT I WOULD NEVER GIVE A GOOD REVIEW TO SUBJECTS OF SUCH-- DISTILLED EVIL! I'M GOING TO DO THE BEST I CAN TO KEEP VISITORS FROM SHOWING UP HERE!











THERE WAS SOMETHING STRANGE, MENACING, ABOUT THE CALLER --

FROM THE MASTER -- HEY, WAIT -- WHAT IS THIS? WHAT MASTER?

THE PORTRAIT HAUNTED JIM'S DREAMS! AND HE AWOKE TO HORROR -- FOR A NIGHTMARE HAD BECOME GRUESOME REALITY!



H-HOLY SMOKE!

HA-HA!



BUT THEN -- HE'S AS POWERFUL AS A DOZEN MEN! I CAN'T KEEP THIS UP!

JUST ONE -- LAST EFFORT!



-- BUT FAR MORE MENACING WAS THE CHILLING PORTRAIT HE LEFT BEHIND HIM!

IT'S SIGNED NATAS! BUT SENDING ME GIFTS WON'T DO ANY GOOD -- AS HE'LL SEE WHEN I SEND IN THAT REVIEW IN THE MORNING!

And I have to warn my readers that the Natas exhibit should not be seen by anyone

FIGHTING WITH FIERCE DESPERATION, JAMES MANAGED TO THRUST HIS FOE BACK FOR THE MOMENT --

IT'S LIKE -- SOME FIEND FROM ANOTHER WORLD --



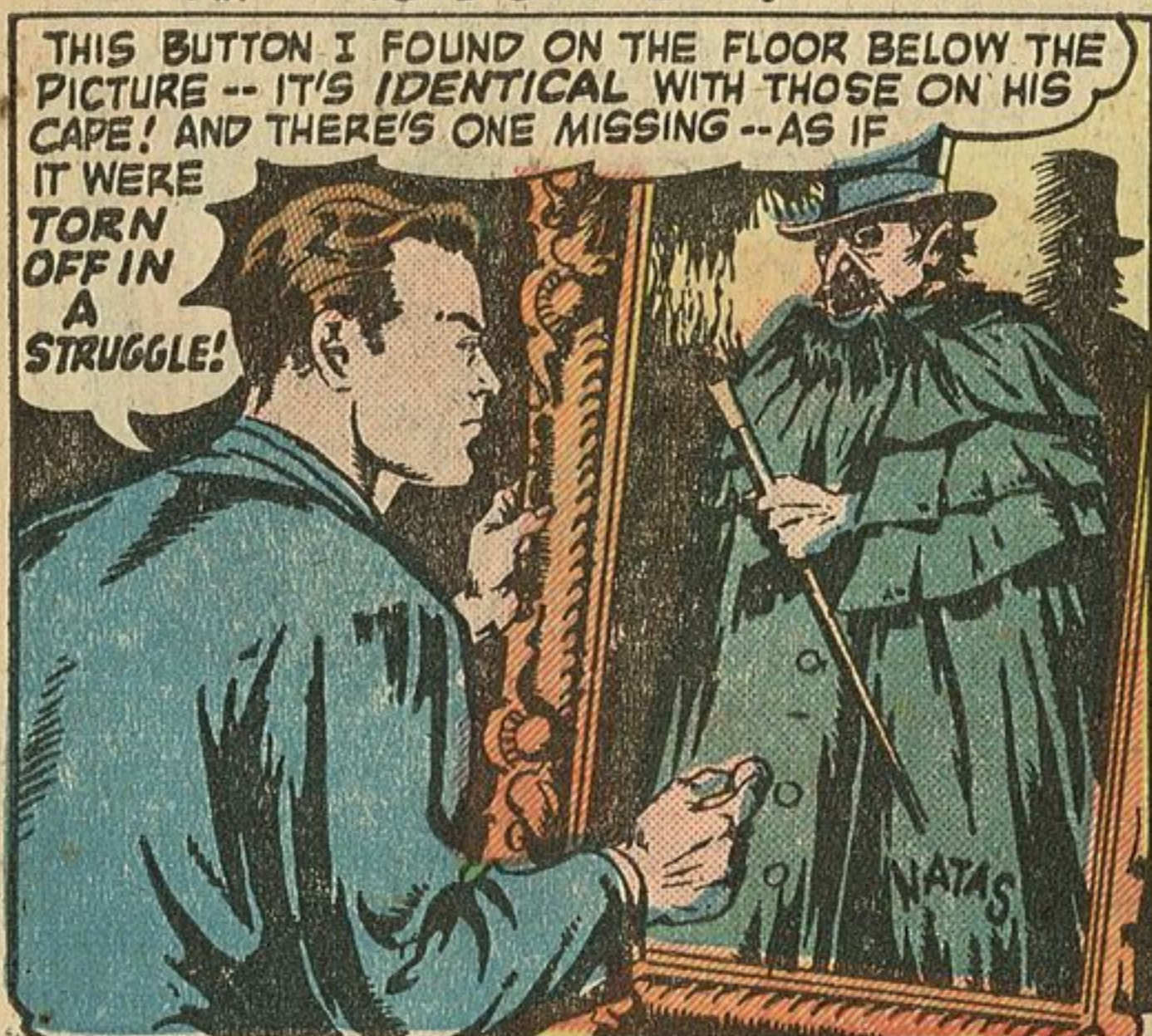
JIM'S OUTSTRETCHED HAND FOUND A LAMP! BUT WITH THE LIGHT, HIS AWFUL ADVERSARY HAD DISAPPEARED!

DID..DID IT REALLY HAPPEN THE WAY I THOUGHT -- OR DID I DREAM IT?





**M**ORNING FOUND JIM CONVINCED IT HAD BEEN A NIGHTMARE -- FOR THE THING HE HAD BATTLED WAS THE CREATURE OF THE PORTRAIT! THEN -- AN AMAZING DISCOVERY!



THIS BUTTON I FOUND ON THE FLOOR BELOW THE PICTURE -- IT'S IDENTICAL WITH THOSE ON HIS CAPE! AND THERE'S ONE MISSING -- AS IF IT WERE TORN OFF IN A STRUGGLE!

THERE WAS NOTHING TO DO BUT INVESTIGATE THAT MYSTERIOUS ARTIST -- NATAS! ACCOMPANIED BY PEGGY--

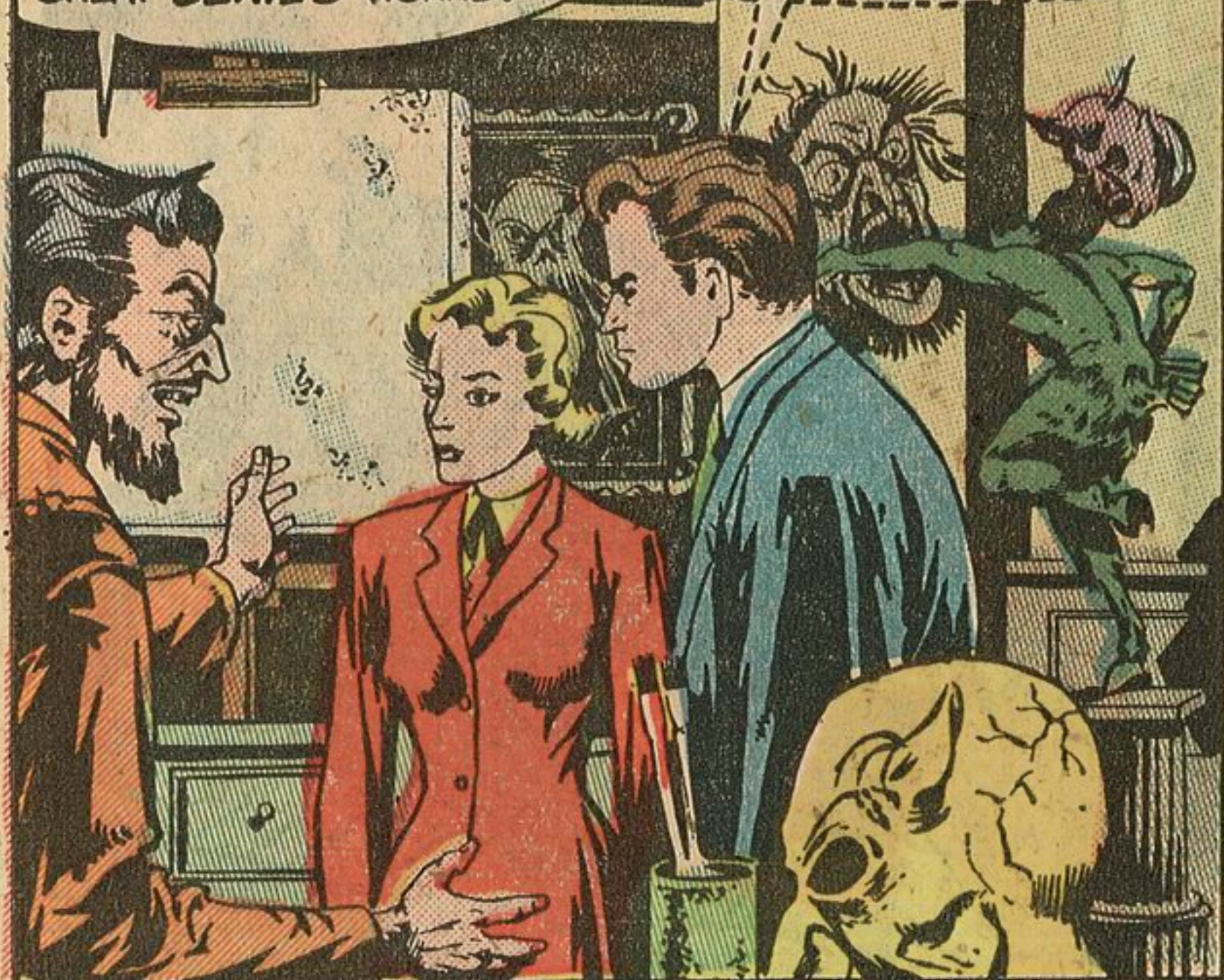
I AM HONORED! THE FAMOUS ART CRITIC, JAMES OTIS, AND THE PROMISING ART STUDENT, PEGGY BOWDEN! COME IN!

IT--IT'S ALMOST AS IF HE'D BEEN EXPECTING US!



NOW, MR. OTIS, AND MISS BOWDEN, LET ME GIVE YOU AN ILLUSTRATION OF HOW A GREAT GENIUS WORKS!

THIS GUY SEEMS COMPLETELY MAD! PEGGY, WE OUGHT TO GET OUT OF HERE!



A FEW STROKES OF HIS BRUSH -- AND A COMPLETE PAINTING IS DONE!

LOOK -- AM I NOT THE GREATEST PAINTER IN THE WORLD?

I--I MUST BE DREAMING-- I COULD SWEAR THAT'S AN AUTHENTIC REMBRANDT! WHAT--WHAT--SORT OF MAN IS THIS?

I KNOW WHAT KIND-- I'VE GOT IT NOW! NATAS-- HIS NAME, BACKWARDS, IS SATAN!



AS THE HORRIBLE TRUTH DAWNS---

GREAT SCOTT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

SHE'S STAYING, MR. OTIS--UNTIL YOU DECIDE TO CHANGE YOUR REVIEW, AND TELL THE PUBLIC I AM THE GREATEST PAINTER IN THE WORLD!



NO! AND I'LL NOT LEAVE HERE WITHOUT HER!

JIM -- CAN'T YOU SEE THAT YOU'VE GOT TO-- THAT WE'RE BOTH IN DEADLY DANGER?





**P**OWERLESS, JIM LEFT! IT SEEMED AN EASY MATTER TO WRITE THE WORDS THAT WOULD FREE PEGGY, BUT—

I--I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT! I KEEP THINKING OF THE PEOPLE WHO'LL READ MY REVIEW, AND BE FACED WITH THE LIVING EVIL THE PAINTINGS REPRESENT!



BUT -- BUT MAYBE I'M MAKING TOO MUCH OUT OF THIS -- MAYBE THE PAINTINGS AREN'T AS BAD AS I THOUGHT! PERHAPS IF I RETURNED TO THE EXHIBIT, LOOKED AT THEM AGAIN ---



SO -- BACK AT THE EXHIBIT ---

FUNNY -- IT'S AFTER HOURS, BUT THE DOOR WAS STILL OPEN! AND WHERE'S OLD ANDY, THE WATCHMAN?



THEN -- A TRAGIC DISCOVERY!

NOT A MARK ON HIM -- NOTHING BUT THAT EXPRESSION OF AWFUL FEAR! NOTHING HUMAN KILLED HIM -- BUT THOSE PICTURES DID!



AROUND HIM THERE SWIRLED A LIVING EVIL -- AN EVIL WHICH HAD PREYED ON THE LIVING--

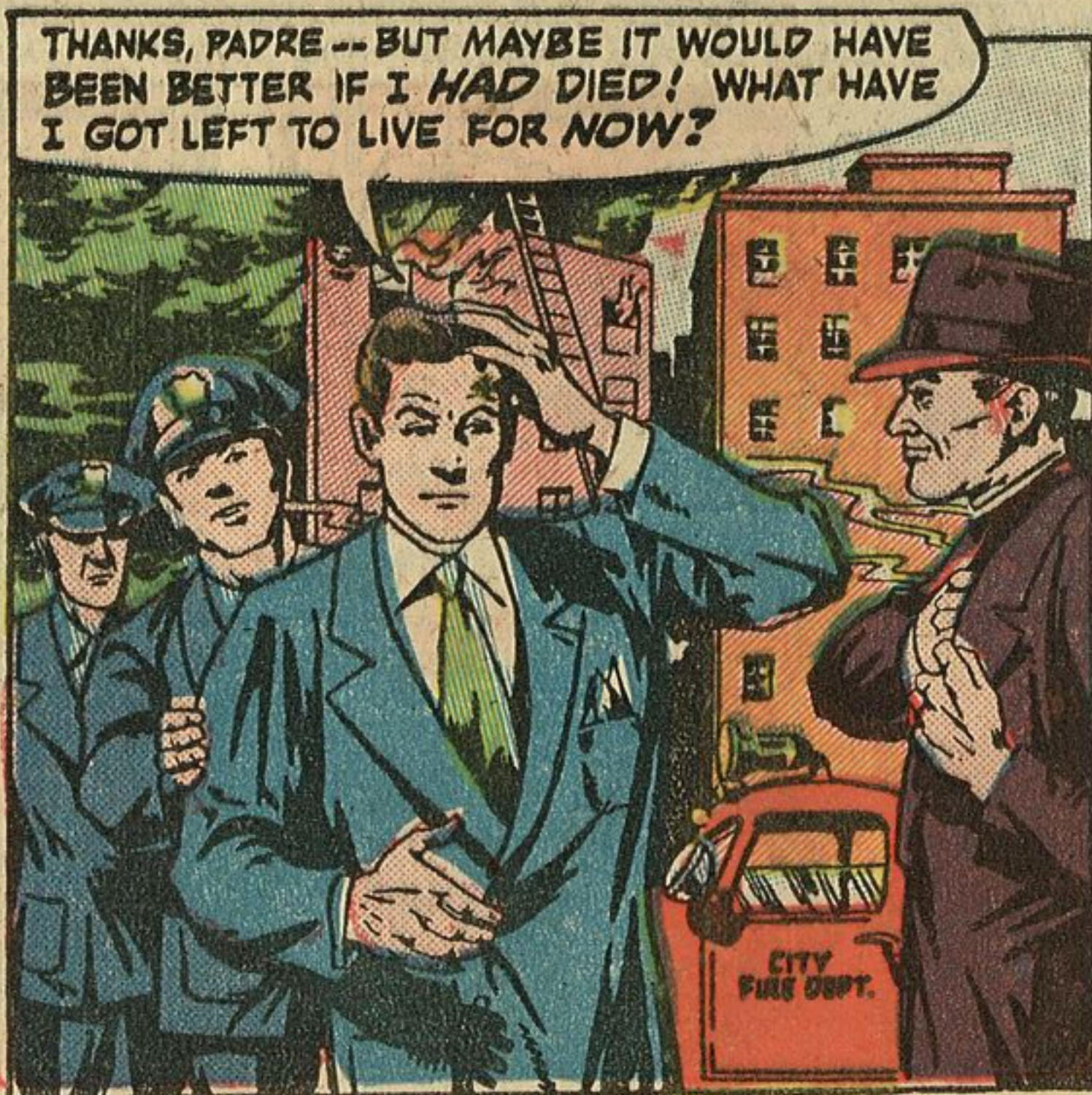
YOU'VE MADE UP MY MIND FOR ME! I WON'T COMPROMISE WITH YOU -- BUT I'LL DESTROY YOU!



MAD WITH RAGE, JIM ATTACKED THE SINISTER PAINTINGS! AND FROM THEM, STRANGE BEINGS STREAMED -- AND STRUCK BACK!



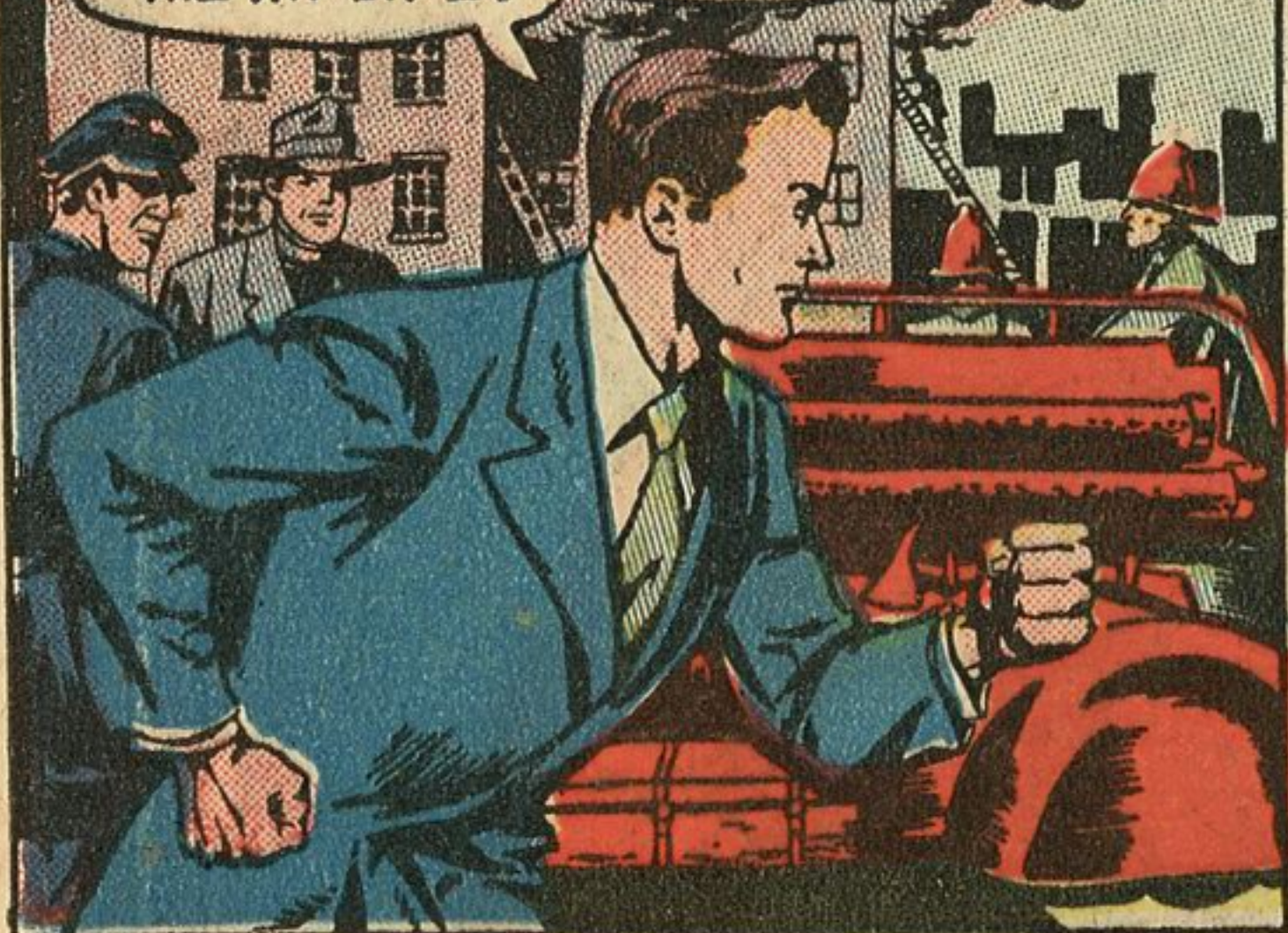






JIM SCARCELY GAVE THE BOOK A LOOK AS HE THRUST IT INTO HIS POCKET! ALL HE KNEW WAS THAT A SUDDEN, INEXPLICABLE SURGE OF COURAGE SWEEPED THROUGH HIM --

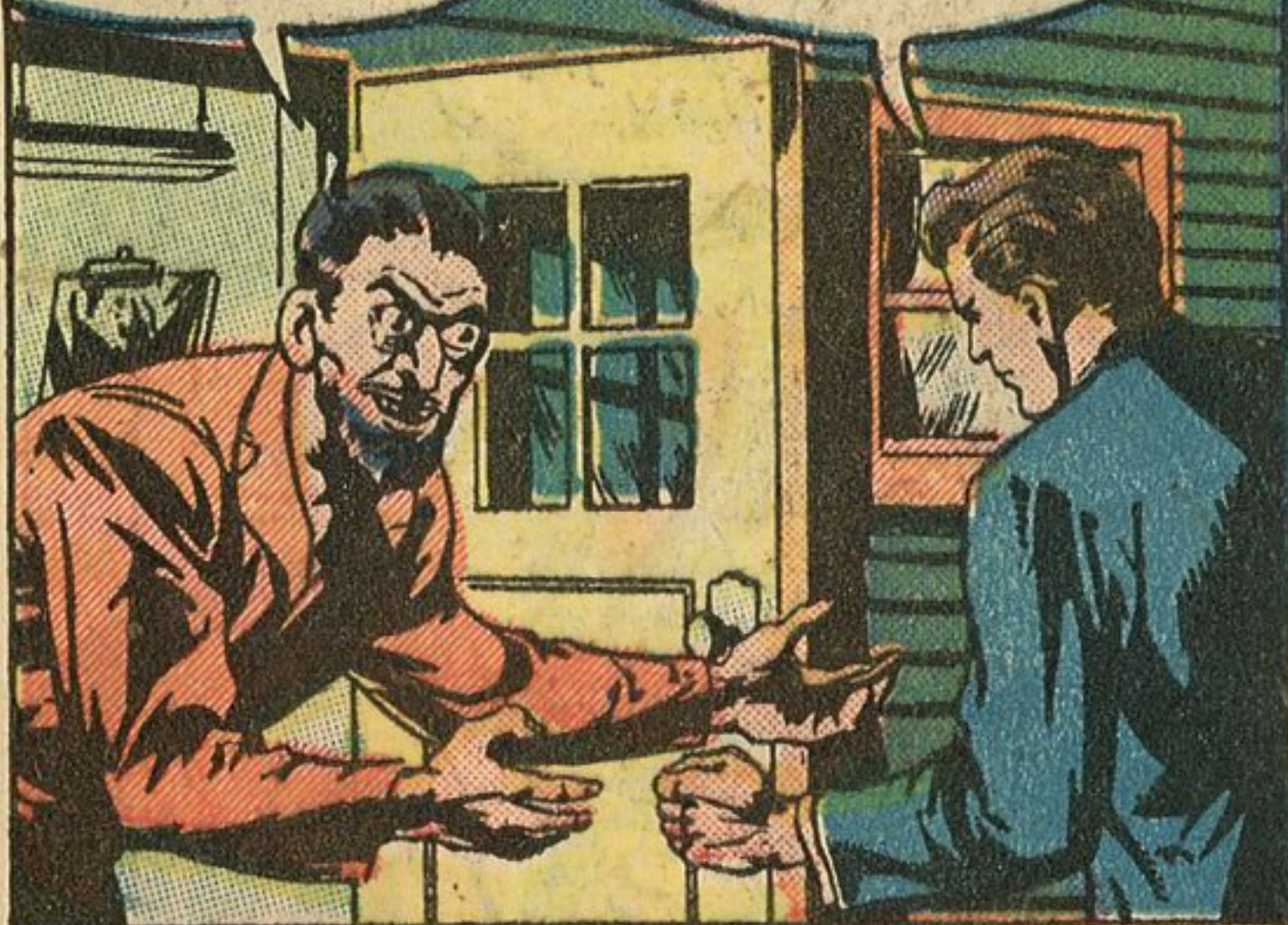
I'M GOING TO BEARD THE DEVIL IN HIS LAIR AND SAVE PEGGY--EVEN IF IT COSTS ME MY LIFE!



AT THE HOME OF NATAS --

AH, YOU'VE COME FOR MISS BOWDEN? ER-- I'M AFRAID SHE MAY NOT WISH TO DEPART!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IF-- IF YOU'VE HARMED HER--



JIM WAS PREPARED FOR ANYTHING -- BUT NOT FOR THE SIGHT THAT GREETED HIM!

PEGGY!

HE HAS -- TAUGHT ME -- HIS SECRETS! AND SEE -- WHAT I -- HAVE LEARNED TO PAINT!



YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME, PEGGY! IT'S WRONG, HORRIBLY WRONG -- HE'S TAUGHT YOU TO PUT EVIL ON CANVAS!

NO! -- NO! HE'S -- THE GREATEST ARTIST-- THAT EVER LIVED!



IT'S NO USE -- SHE'S COMPLETELY WITHIN MY POWER! -- TELL ME -- HAVE YOU WRITTEN THE FAVORABLE REVIEW OF MY WORK THAT I REQUIRE?

NO -- AND I NEVER WILL! YOUR WORK LACKS ALL TRUE MERIT! IT'S LOW, EVIL--



YOU-- YOU DARE SAY THAT TO ME-- THE GREATEST PAINTER IN HISTORY? NO! YOU LIE, MORTAL -- LIE!





AFRAID TO FACE THE TRUTH, AREN'T YOU--  
SATAN? I'VE GOT A WORLD REPUTATION AS  
AN HONEST ART CRITIC-- AND I SAY YOUR  
PAINTINGS ARE BASE AND VILE! THAT'S  
BECAUSE YOU CAN ONLY SEE AND REVEAL  
EVIL-- BY YOUR VERY NATURE, YOU'RE  
BLINDED TO TRUTH! AND EVERY  
GREAT ARTIST HAS ALWAYS  
BEEN ABLE TO SEE THE  
GOOD IN MAN!



THE PRINCE OF EVIL REACTS -- IN AWFUL RAGE!

HO, FIENDS! TO ME-- AND  
DOWN THIS MORTAL!  
**KILL HIM!**



AGAINST  
FEARFUL  
ODDS--

LOOKS LIKE THE END OF  
THE LINE FOR ME ----



--- BUT I CAN STILL GO  
DOWN FIGHTING!



IT WAS AT THIS LIFE-OR-DEATH  
MOMENT THAT A BOOK FELL FROM  
JIM'S POCKET-- AND THE DEMONS  
RECOILED BEFORE IT!

BEFORE THE POWER OF THE  
HOLY WORD, "NATAS" CRUMPLES!  
FROM HIS BODY THE AWFUL FORM  
OF SATAN TOWERS MOMENTARILY--  
THEN VANISHES!

LATER... I--I FEEL AS IF I'VE  
BEEN ASLEEP, AND  
DREAMING SOME AWFUL DREAM!  
IF I COULD ONLY REMEMBER  
WHAT IT WAS, JIM --

IT-- IT'S THAT BIBLE THE PADRE  
GAVE ME! AND IF IT'S ROUTED  
THE FIENDS-- I'LL TRY  
IT ON THE HEAD--  
MAN HIMSELF!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING  
FOR US TO REMEMBER,  
PEGGY!  
WE'VE  
GOT  
EACH  
OTHER--  
AND THAT'S  
ALL THAT  
COUNTS!



**THE END!**



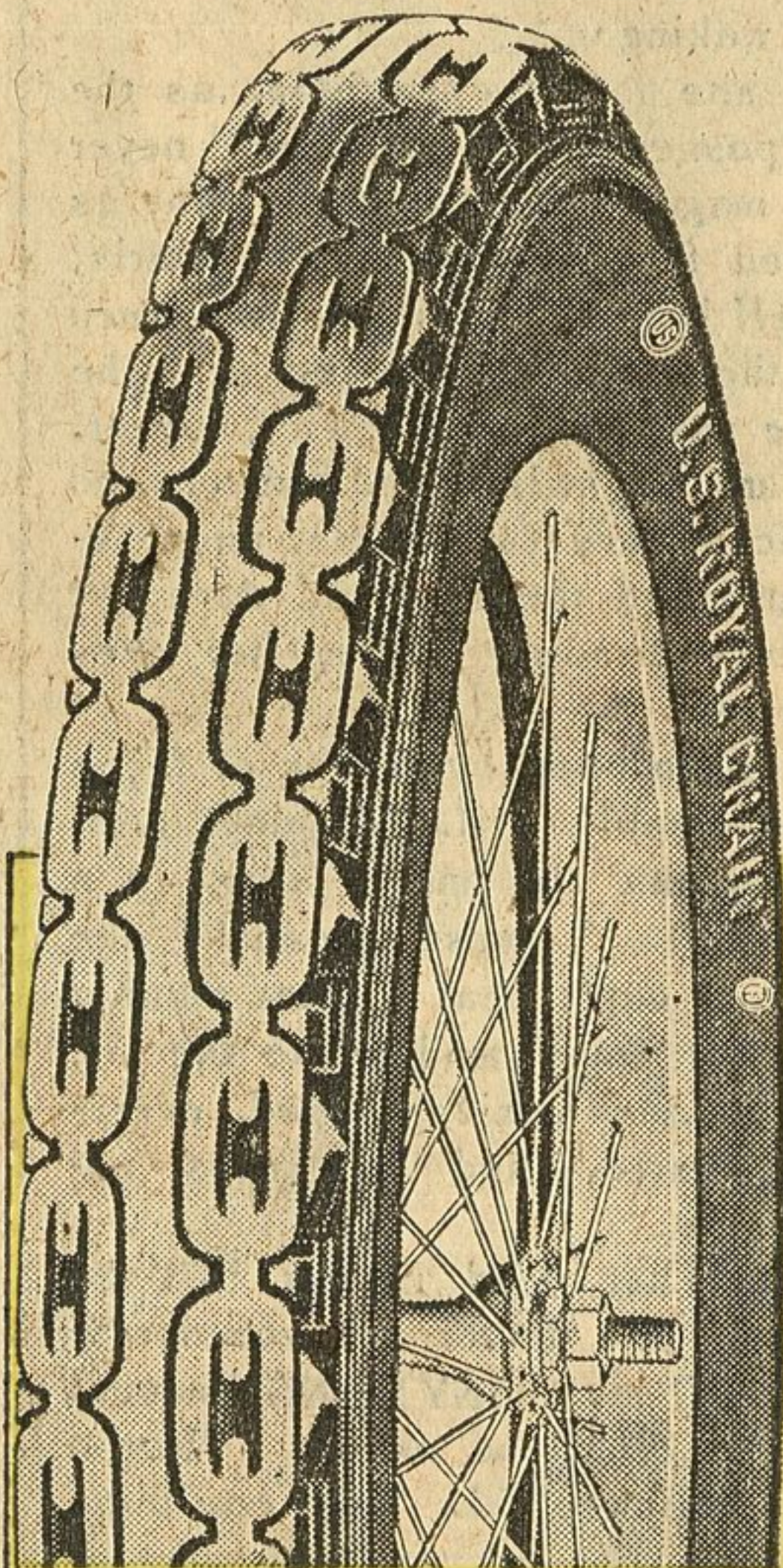


**Over hill** . . . you really get pulling and holding power from U. S. Royal's "built-in skid chain" tread.



**Through dale** . . . you get pinpoint steering control with U. S. Royals.

# Time to hit the *Royal* trail!



**And on city streets** . . . you stop on a dime . . . rain or shine! And Royals last longer, too!

Remember fun goes farther with

## U.S. ROYALS

**America's favorite bicycle tires**

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York 20, New York



# MASQUERADE <sup>at</sup> MIDNIGHT

**T**HOUGH ALICIA DUVYARNA was universally hated for the false, cruel, and utterly selfish person she was, she'd often been called the world's greatest ballet dancer. After that night's triumphant performance in the role of the devil's disciple, there could be no question of it.

She'd gone to bed very late in her huge mansion, and very tired, after admiring herself in the full length mirror for a long time. She had smiled inwardly while executing a few graceful spins in the flowing black costume she'd used. "Not even the devil himself," she mused, "could have done better!"

She wasn't quite sure what had wakened her, but as her eyes opened she was aware of a tall figure in the corner of the huge room, smiling. "Well done," a faraway voice said. "Come, I have something to show you."

Somehow, without being conscious of the movement of her muscles, she had slid off the bed, and was following the shadowy figure ahead. In the dark corridor, where nothing stirred, she felt strangely powerless, almost as if...disembodied. "Where are you taking me?" she asked, not recognizing her own voice. The tall man merely beckoned, his face still shrouded in gloom.

She floated down the long flight of marble steps, drifted across the inlaid floor, toward the immense paneled doors ahead. The tall man placed his hand on the silver knob and bowed low. "Enter," he said. She looked straight into his face for the first time, and a wave of total horror swept over her, for it was...HIM!

Instantly the doors were flung open, and the crashing chords of a huge orchestra rolled about her ears. Somehow, she was borne inside the brilliantly lit ballroom, where three great crystal chandeliers sparkled like diamonds. She recognized the room, but where had all these strange, masked people come from...all dancing so wildly in their peculiar costumes to the swelling music. And who was that beauti-

ful dark girl over there...she'd seen her somewhere before! Then, with mounting terror, Alicia remembered the face from an 18th century portrait of a great dancer! But how could *that* be, since the person was dead for over a hundred years!

Suddenly, the music stopped. The tall man...the devil...stepped to the middle of the floor. "My friends," he said, "I have a special treat for you. Alicia Duvyarna will dance for us tonight, as she's never danced before..." The voice trailed off, and strange music began to vibrate. "No, no!" Alicia cried. "I don't want to dance. I'm tired...I won't!" But she couldn't help herself! Why? Where were the servants? How could there be so much noise without any of them waking up?

But then she forgot everything...as the music took possession of her. She'd never danced so magnificently before. But as she executed fantastic leaps and whirls, the room itself began to spin, and it seemed to her that the walls were closing in. The faces of the guests loomed closer, bigger. Around and around, swifter and swifter, and then the faces were very close, unspeakably hideous, and the beautiful dark girl was suddenly bending close, her eyes radiating horror.

She was surrounded by a sea of faces now, all unbearably evil...laughing, grinning, leering...as the music rose to a roaring pitch. "I must escape!" she yelled. "I...I can't bear it...not another instant!" She leaped madly into the air, and suddenly...the music stopped, everything disappeared, and blackness enveloped her.

They found her dead in her bed the next morning. The doctor was completely bewildered. "Didn't ANYTHING unusual happen last night?" he asked. "Not a thing," a servant replied. "But one thing...puzzles me. The costume she wore at the performance...it was here in her room last night. But this morning...I found it crumpled on the ballroom floor...below!"



IT WAS A STRANGE, FORBIDDING MYSTERY THAT DR. WALDO HAMILTON FOUND HIMSELF TRYING TO UNRAVEL... FOR WHO HAD EVER BEFORE DEALT WITH **TWIN SPIRITS INHABITING A SINGLE BODY?** AND WHEN ONE OF THESE WAS EVIL INCARNATE, SCIENCE FOUND ITSELF MATCHED AGAINST A SUPERNATURAL FIEND--IN THE PERSON OF THE ...

# TWIN & TERROR



IN THE OFFICE OF DR. WALDO HAMILTON, PROMINENT PSYCHIATRIST--

MRS. PATRICIA HARTLEY IS HERE TO SEE YOU, DOCTOR! SHE'S THAT DEBUTANTE WHOSE RECENT WEDDING WAS THE TALK OF THE TOWN!

AH, YES! THE SOCIETY GIRL WHO MARRIED A CHAP NO ONE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT! ASK HER TO COME IN, PLEASE!



I...I CAME TO SEE YOU DOCTOR, BECAUSE I THINK EITHER I'M MAD OR MY HUSBAND IS! YOU SEE, HE.. HE'S MORE THAN ONE PERSON! HE'S GOT TWO SPIRITS-- ONE GOOD, THE OTHER HORRIBLY EVIL!

HMM - SOUNDS LIKE A CASE OF SCHIZOPHRENIA-- A SPLIT PERSONALITY!



NO, IT'S NOT JUST HIS PERSONALITY! THE ARE TWO VISIBLE SPIRITS BOTH OCCUPYING HIS BODY! I-- I'VE SEEN THEM!

OBVIOUSLY SHE'S THE ONE WHO'S MENTALLY ILL--SUFFERING FROM HALLUCINATIONS!

WHY DON'T YOU LIE DOWN HERE AND TELL ME THE WHOLE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING, MRS. HARTLEY?





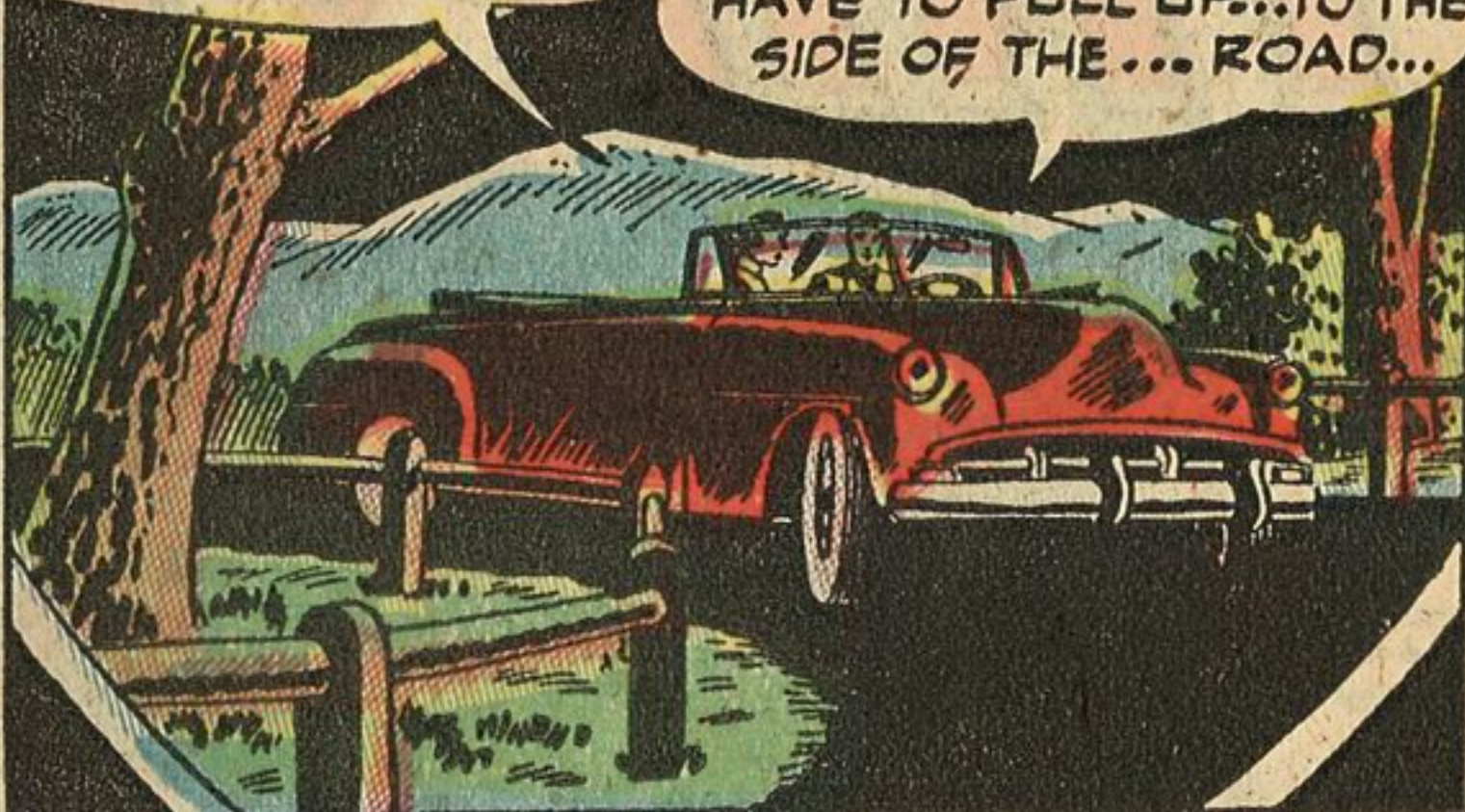
I FELL IN LOVE WITH GUY HARTLEY THE MOMENT I MET HIM! THERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT ABOUT HIM -- AN OTHER-WORLDLINESS AND A WONDERFUL TENDERNESS THAT BEWITCHED ME! BUT RIGHT AFTER OUR MARRIAGE SOMETHING HAPPENED ... SOMETHING HORRIBLE!



"WE WERE DRIVING TO THE HONEYMOON LODGE WE'D RENTED--WHEN ALONG ABOUT MIDNIGHT--"

YOU KNOW, DARLING, I'VE NEVER BEEN WITH YOU THIS LATE BEFORE! YOU WERE ALWAYS SO RESPECTFUL, ALWAYS LEFT ME BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

YES...I...I ALWAYS GET UNACCOUNTABLY TIRED AND SLEEPY AROUND THIS TIME --INCLUDING RIGHT NOW!-- I'M AFRAID I'LL HAVE TO PULL UP..TO THE SIDE OF THE... ROAD...



"AN INSTANT LATER, GUY SLUMPED OVER THE WHEEL, AS IF...DEAD! THEN, LOOMING SPECTRALLY OUT OF THE NIGHT--"



OHH! AM..AM I SEEING THINGS?

"NUMB WITH TERROR, I WATCHED THE HIDEOUSLY EVIL-LOOKING SHAPE BEGIN TO MERGE WITH GUY'S BODY, AND AS IT DID, IT SEEMED TO FORCE OUT ANOTHER SPIRIT--ONE WITH A GOOD, KIND FACE!"



HA! IT'S MY TURN! OUT... OUT!

SHOULD FIGHT... PROTECT MARCIA.. BUT SLEEPY.. SO SLEEPY!

"THE MOMENT THE GOOD SPIRIT WAS EVICTED FROM MY HUSBAND'S BODY, IT VANISHED --AND THEN GUY, OR THE MAN WHO HAD BEEN GUY, BEGAN TO WAKE UP!"



GUY! W-WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? YOUR FACE--IT'S LIKE A--A--MANIAC'S! AND YOUR EYES--THEY'RE HIDEOUSLY EVIL! YOU-- YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME!

YOU WHINING LITTLE FOOL! YOU DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF TERROR, BUT YOU WILL -- UNLESS YOU OBEY ME! FIRST, WE'RE GOING BACK TO YOUR HOUSE -- WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE ME ALL THE MONEY YOU'VE GOT!

STOP.. YOU'RE HURTING ME! PLEASE DON'T LOOK AT ME LIKE THAT! I-- I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY!





"THE DRIVE BACK WAS A GHASTLY ORDEAL - BUT THE NIGHT OF HORRORS WASN'T OVER YET..."

THAT-- THAT'S ALL THE MONEY I HAVE IN THE HOUSE-- I SWEAR IT!

I NEED MUCH MORE! THE BOOKS I WANT ARE ALMOST PRICELESS-- AND YOU'LL SIGN OVER ALL YOUR STOCKS AND BONDS AND BANK ACCOUNTS TO ME OR YOU WON'T LIVE TO USE THEM!



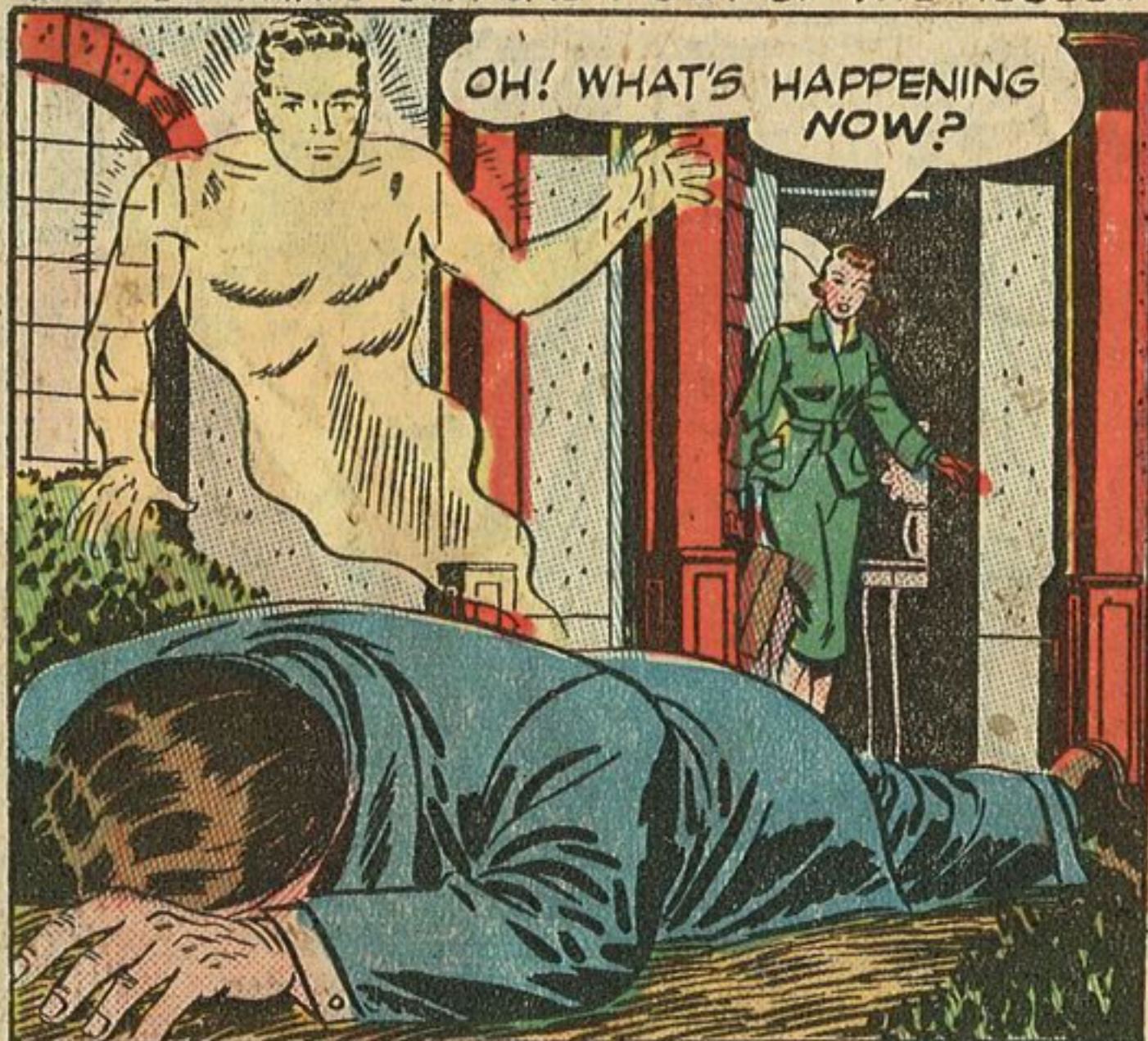
"I WAS TOO TERRIFIED EVEN TO THINK OF RESISTENCE! THEN, TOWARD DAWN, AFTER I'D SIGNED OVER PRACTICALLY EVERYTHING I POSSESSED!"

I'M GETTING TIRED-- SLEEPY... HAVE TO HIDE MONEY-- BEFORE-- FALL ASLEEP...

THIS IS MY CHANCE TO ESCAPE-- I CAN'T BEAR THAT FIEND'S PRESENCE ANOTHER INSTANT!



"HE STAGGERED AWAY AND I HASTILY THREW A FEW THINGS TOGETHER! THEN AS I DASHED PANIC-STRICKEN OUT OF THE HOUSE..."



OH! WHAT'S HAPPENING NOW?

"THEN IN A STARTLING REVERSAL OF WHAT HAD HAPPENED BEFORE..."



OUT, YOU DEMON-- OUT!

CAN'T FIGHT-- SLEEPY-- SO SLEEPY...

"A MOMENT LATER--"

WHERE-- WHERE AM I?

IT'S GUY AGAIN-- AS HE WAS BEFORE! I-- I MUST BE LOSING MY MIND!



WHAT-WHAT ON EARTH ARE WE DOING BACK AT YOUR HOUSE, DARLING? THE LAST I REMEMBER WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO OUR HONEY-MOON LODGE!

IT IS GUY-- AS I LEARNED TO LOVE HIM! AND HE DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED-- BUT MAYBE IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AT ALL! IF I TELL HIM-- HE'LL THINK I'M MAD! WHO KNOWS-- MAYBE I AM!





TWO THINGS HAVE PREVENTED ME FROM LEAVING GUY SINCE THAT HORRIBLE NIGHT -- ONE, I DON'T KNOW WHETHER I'M SEEING THINGS THAT AREN'T REALLY THERE -- AND TWO, I STILL LOVE GUY AS HE IS IN THE DAYTIME! BUT EACH NIGHT, WHEN THE EVIL SPIRIT TAKES OVER, GUY IS LIKE A DEMON POSSESSED! HE LOCKS HIMSELF IN THE GARAGE, WHERE HE PORES OVER STRANGE BOOKS AND MANUSCRIPTS WHICH HE'S BOUGHT WITH MY MONEY FROM EVEN STRANGER PEDDLERS WHO CALL ON HIM IN

THE DEAD OF NIGHT!



IF SHE IS MAD, IT'S THE STRANGEST PSYCHOSIS I'VE EVER COME ACROSS! BUT THERE'S SOMETHING ... CONVINCING ABOUT HER STORY! I'D BETTER CHECK ON IT!

I'D LIKE TO WITNESS THIS TRANSFORMATION IN YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. HARTLEY! CAN YOU LET ME INTO YOUR HOUSE SECRETLY -- JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT?

CERTAINLY DOCTOR!



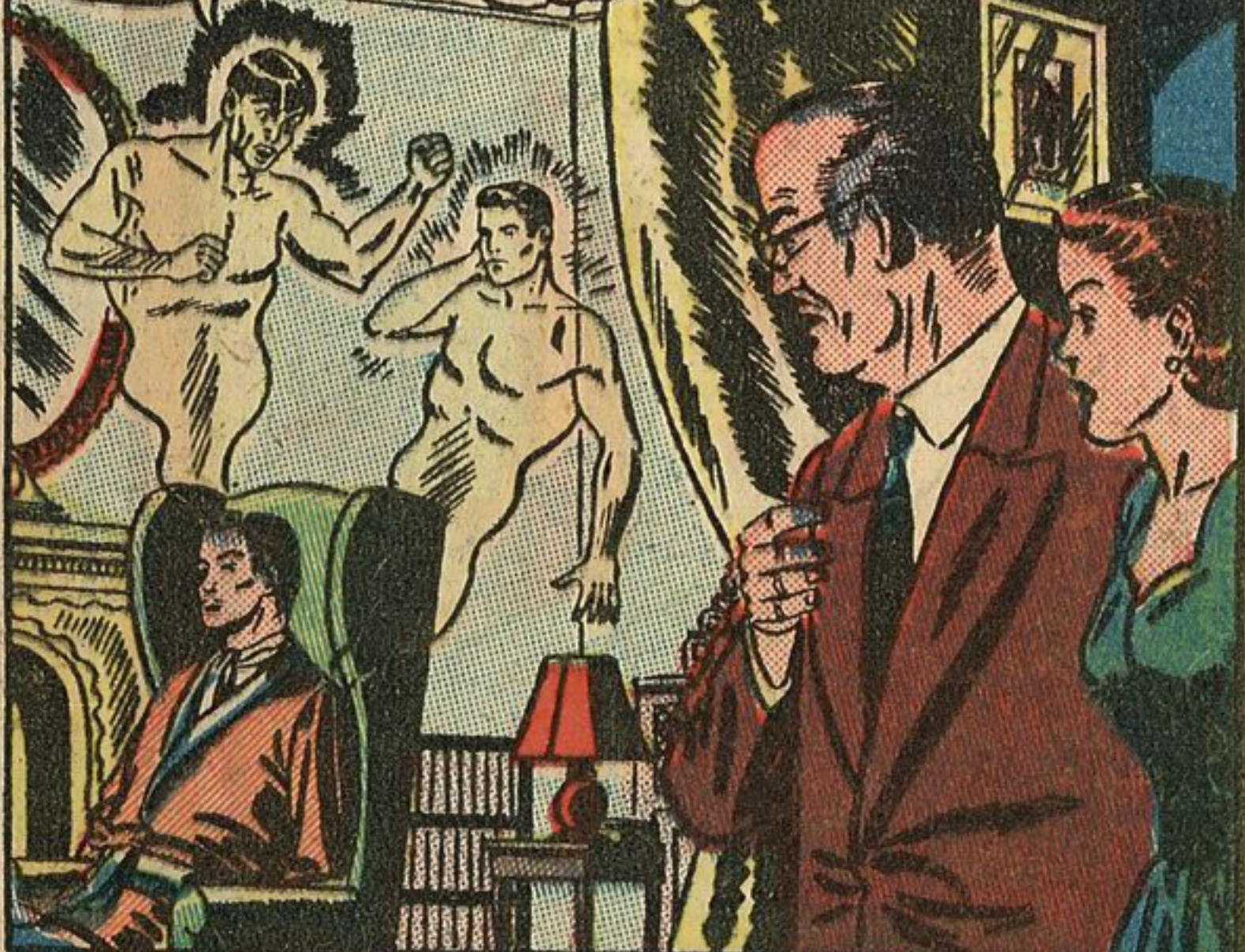
THAT NIGHT--

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME, DOCTOR -- GUY'S JUST FALLEN ASLEEP! COME QUICKLY!



OUT.. OUT!

YE GODS-- EVERYTHING SHE TOLD ME IS TRUE!



MOMENTS LATER-- MY BOOKS! I MUST GET BACK TO MY BOOKS!

COME ON -- LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

HE'S LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE GARAGE-- AS USUAL!

I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT HE'S DOING -- BY CLIMBING ON THIS AND LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

THE ANSWER MUST BE IN ONE OF THESE ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS-- IT MUST BE! I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT HOW TO DESTROY THE OTHER SPIRIT-- SO THEN I

ALONE WILL POSSESS THE BODY OF GUY HARTLEY!





TOWARD DAWN, AFTER A NIGHT-LONG VIGIL...



MINUTES LATER--

HE BARELY MADE IT BACK TO THE CHAIR -- BEFORE COLLAPSING!

OUT, FIEND!



HE'S BEGINNING TO AWAKEN, MRS. HARTLEY! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY-- WE'VE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE NOW THAT HIS EVIL SPIRIT HAS APPARENTLY FOUND A WAY OF DESTROYING THE OTHER! I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT WHO GUY'S FAMILY DOCTOR WAS, AND THEN LOCATE HIM AT ALL COSTS! MEANWHILE, I'M BREAKING INTO THE GARAGE TO DO SOME STUDYING OF MY OWN!



BY MID-AFTERNOON--

THANK GOODNESS, I FINALLY LOCATED THE HARTLEY FAMILY PHYSICIAN--I'VE GOT HIM ON THE PHONE FOR YOU, DOCTOR!

GOOD -- MY RESEARCH HAS BEEN SUCCESSFUL, TOO!



YES, INDEED--I REMEMBER THE HARTLEY CASE VERY WELL! GUY HARTLEY WAS ONE OF TWINS, BUT THE OTHER ONE DIED SOME TIME BEFORE BIRTH! VERY UNUSUAL CASE!



THANKS, DOCTOR-- THAT CONFIRMS MY HUNCH!

TRY TO UNDERSTAND, MR. HARTLEY -- MUCH AS THIS APPALS YOU! TWINS WERE IN THE MYSTERIOUS PROCESS OF BIRTH, BUT ONE DIED -- WHICH LEFT TWO SPIRITS FIGHTING FOR POSSESSION OF THE ONE REMAINING BODY! YOUR BROTHER'S SPIRIT BECAME DIABOLICALLY EVIL, CONSUMED WITH INTENSE GREED FOR WHAT WAS NOT RIGHTFULLY HIS, AND SUCCEEDED IN BEING ABSORBED INTO YOUR LIVING TISSUE-- AND THE BATTLE FOR TOTAL POSSESSION HAS GONE ON EVER SINCE!



BUT-- BUT WHY WASN'T I AWARE OF THIS FIENDISH PRESENCE DURING MY WAKING MOMENTS?

I FOUND THAT ANSWER IN THOSE OCCULT BOOKS! IN SUCH CASES AS YOURS, EACH SPIRIT CAN TAKE CONTROL OF THE BODY ONLY WHEN THE OTHER IS ASLEEP, THEREFORE POWERLESS TO KEEP ITSELF FROM BEING DRIVEN OUT! BUT SINCE YOUR NATURE IS BASICALLY GOOD, YOU REPRESSED ALL KNOWLEDGE OF THIS EVIL FORCE IN YOUR LIFE -- SO THAT YOU WERE COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF WHAT YOU DID WHEN YOUR EVIL SIDE WAS DOMINANT!





BUT I ALSO LEARNED THE SECRET YOUR EVIL SPIRIT WAS SO DESPERATELY SEARCHING FOR--A SECRET WHICH WOULD HAVE GIVEN HIM COMPLETE MASTERY NIGHT AND DAY! AND THIS IS IT! IF EITHER SPIRIT DOESN'T RETURN TO THE BODY AT ITS FIXED TIME, IT WEAKENS THROUGH LACK OF BODILY NOURISHMENT--FINALLY TO DISINTEGRATE AND BE UTTERLY DESTROYED! BUT I

HAVE A PLAN--  
A PLAN WHICH  
WILL THWART  
HIS DEVILISH  
DESIGN!

THIS..  
THIS IS SO..  
INCREDIBLE!  
BUT IF BOTH OF  
YOU SAY IT'S  
ALL TRUE, I'LL  
DO WHATEVER  
YOU SAY!

LATER, AS THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT TOLLS  
THE KNELL OF DOOM--

THE  
EVIL  
SPIRIT!  
IT'S  
MATERIALIZED!

YE GODS--IS THAT  
FIEND PART OF ME?

DON'T WORRY--I'VE  
GOT ENOUGH STIM-  
ULANTS IN YOU TO  
KEEP YOUR TRUE  
SPIRIT STRONG AND  
AWAKE! BUT TO  
MAKE SURE, I'LL  
INJECT EVEN  
MORE!

BLAST YOU-- THIS IS MY  
APPOINTED TIME TO TAKE  
CONTROL! I--I'VE GOT  
TO TAKE POSSESSION OF  
YOUR BODY NOW---  
BUT I--I  
CAN'T!

WE'RE DOING JUST  
WHAT YOU PLANNED  
TO DO TONIGHT-- TO  
KEEP YOUR OPPOSING  
SPIRIT OUT, ONCE  
YOU HAD CONTROL!  
IT'LL TAKE A  
LITTLE TIME--  
BUT YOU'LL GET  
WEAKER...  
AND  
WEAKER...

AS THE MINUTES TICK AWAY AND THE STRANGE  
BATTLE WANES..

TOO... TOO WEAK NOW---  
I--I'VE LOST---



IT'S ALL OVER --YOUR  
EVIL SPIRIT HAS  
VANISHED INTO  
THE LIMBO OF  
NON-EXISTENCE!

I--I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO  
THANK YOU ENOUGH,  
DOCTOR! FOR NOW I HAVE  
MARCIA, ALL  
TO MYSELF!







# 9th NEW...

## IT'S SPINE-TINGLING ...IT'S Different!

# SKELETON HAND

in **SECRETS OF THE SUPERNATURAL**

CHILL AND THRILL TO STRANGE MYSTERIES FROM BEYOND LIFE ITSELF, BROUGHT TO YOU IN THE STIRRING PAGES OF A GREAT NEW COMICS MAGAZINE! DON'T MISS

# SKELETON HAND

**10¢** ON ALL STANDS.



BOYS! GIRLS! PARENTS!

Send Today for this Beautiful



# PEN & PENCIL SET!



TERRIFIC VALUE,—  
NEVER BEFORE OFFERED!

SO EASY TO GET!

And what beauties! Popular two-tone combination of maroon plastic and gold tone metal cap! Pencil has genuine propel-repel movement—big eraser—extra leads. Pen has extra large leak proof ink sack, latest type 14K gold plated "veri-smooth" point, suits all writers. Writes with new non-smear inks. Ideal for home, school, camp; wonderful gifts. Hurry! Send to Smith Bros., Dept. A, Box 101, New York 46, N. Y.

PEN ONLY

**20¢**

PENCIL ONLY

**20¢**

BOTH

for only **35¢**

AND ONE SMITH BROTHERS  
BOX FRONT FOR EACH  
ITEM ORDERED

YOU'LL LOVE THESE  
COUGH DROPS BEST, TOO!



I am enclosing 20¢ ☐, 35¢ ☐, and the front cover of one ☐, two ☐, Smith Brothers Box(es), any flavor, for which please send me PEN ☐, PENCIL ☐, SET ☐. Offer expires December 31, 1953

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
(please print with pencil)

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Send to Smith Brothers, Dept. A, Box 101, New York 46, N. Y.



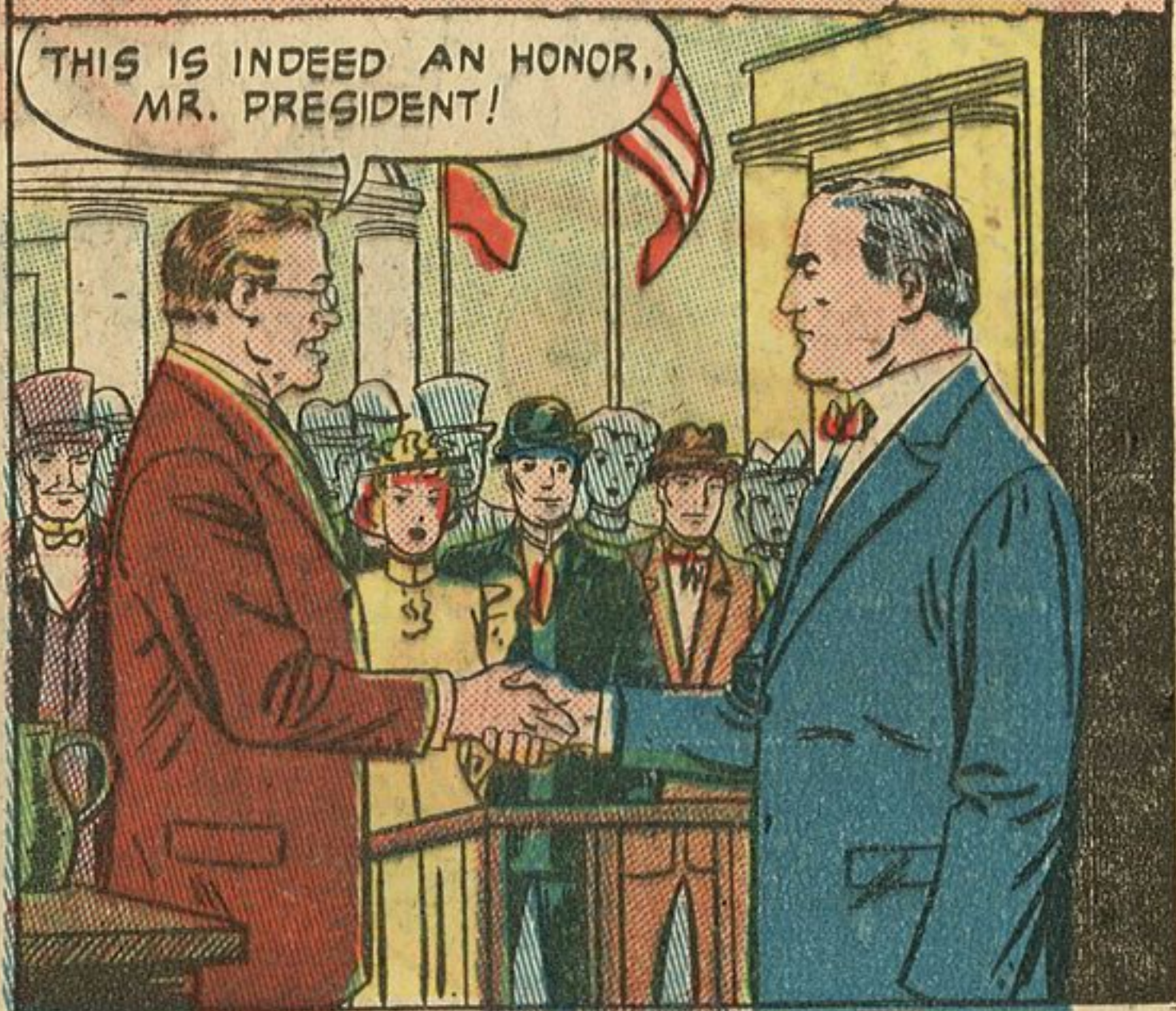
# "True" GHOSTS of HISTORY

ANCIENT LEGENDS TELL US OF MANY GREAT MEN WHO DIED SUDDENLY AND VIOLENTLY, RETURNING IN **SPIRITUAL** FORM TO THE SCENE OF THEIR DEATH -- TO RELIVE THEIR TRAGIC END! BUT ONE SUCH LEGEND HAS SPRUNG UP WITHIN OUR OWN BORDERS-- SWORN TO BY THOSE WHO HAVE SEEN-- **THE GHOST OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY!**



ON SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1901, A GREAT RECEPTION WAS HELD FOR PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AT THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION IN BUFFALO--

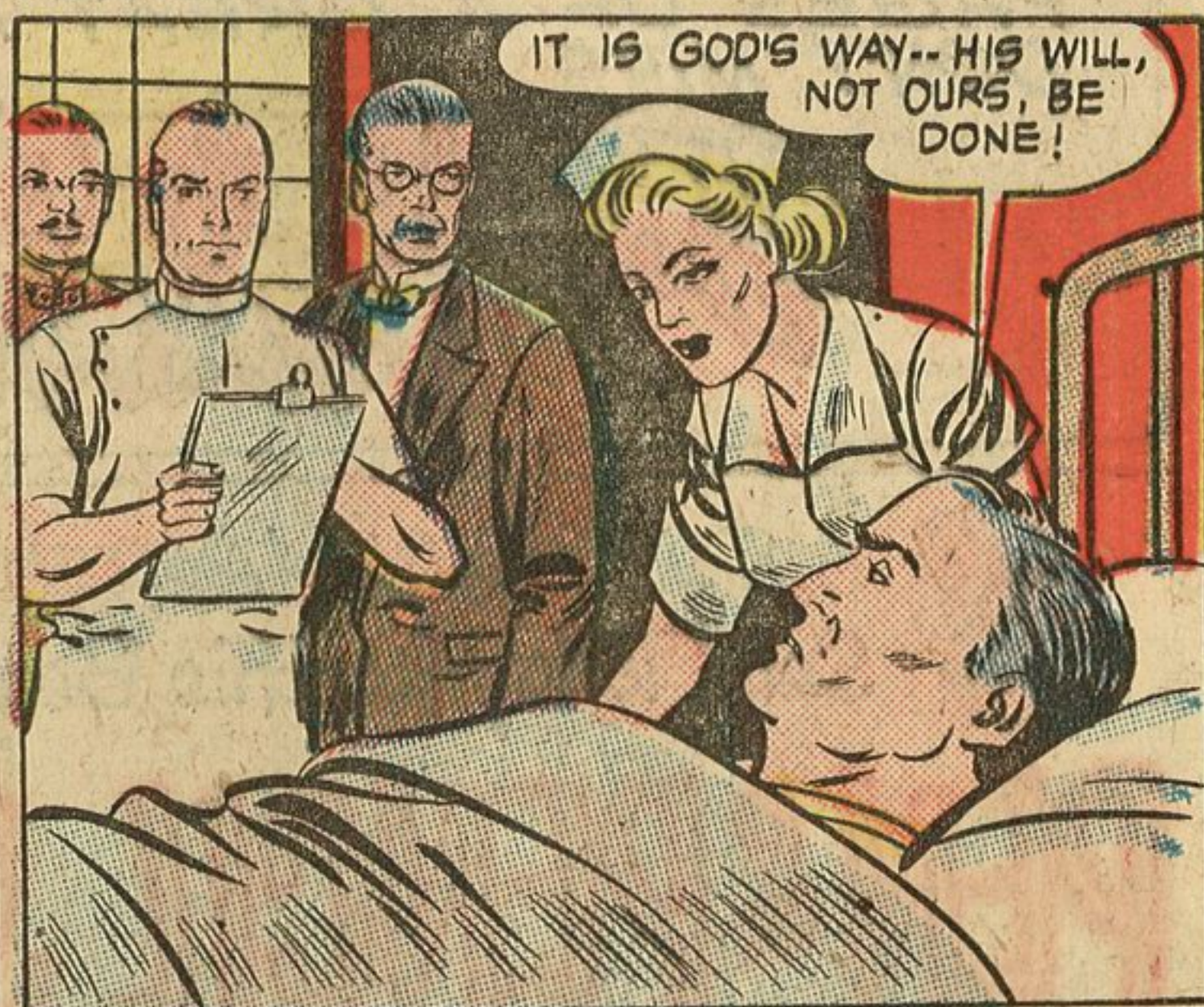
THIS IS INDEED AN HONOR, MR. PRESIDENT!



BUT SUDDENLY, AN ANARCHIST-TERRORIST BY THE NAME OF **LEON CZOLGOSZ** CREPT UP CLOSE AND FIRED TWO SHOTS AT THE PRESIDENT!



THE ASSASSIN WAS SEIZED, CONVICTED, AND LATER EXECUTED-- BUT HIS DASTARDLY WORK WAS DONE! THE PRESIDENT'S LAST WORDS WERE...



BUT APPARENTLY WILLIAM MCKINLEY'S WILL TO LIVE WAS TOO STRONG FOR THE BONDAGE OF DEATH-- FOR IT IS SAID THAT HIS SPIRIT RETURNS EACH SEPTEMBER 6TH, AT THE EXACT MOMENT OF HIS DEATH, AT THE EXACT SPOT THE TRAGEDY OCCURRED, TO RE-ENACT THE FATAL DEED!

THEN, THE WITNESSES ATTEST, THE GHOSTLY PRESIDENT DOUBLES UP IN PAIN-- BEFORE VANISHING FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH-- UNTIL HIS REAPPEARANCE THE FOLLOWING YEAR!

LOOK-- IT... IT'S THE GHOST OF PRESIDENT MCKINLEY!



THE END



# The *Midnight* HOWL



YEARS AGO, A WANDERING FUR TRAPPER MADE HIS WAY ON SNOWSHOES TO A REGION THAT WOULD HAVE MEANT A SHRIEKING DEATH TO ANY MAN LESS FORTUNATE -- AND WHEN HE RETURNED -- HE WAS NOT ALONE! THIS STORY IS THE SEQUEL TO THAT INCREDIBLE DISCOVERY -- WITH A CLIMAX AS CHILL AS THE ICE-BOUND PEAKS -- RINGING WITH THE HIDEOUS RISE AND FALL OF THE MIDNIGHT HOWL!

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF NORTHWEST CANADA -- WHERE THE LONG ARCTIC NIGHTS CREAK AND RUSTLE -- AND THE MOON SHADOWS SPRAWL BLUE UPON THE SNOW --

IT'S NO USE, LINDA -- WE CAN'T GAIN ALTITUDE WITH THAT LOAD OF ICE ON THE WINGS -- WE'LL HAVE TO LAND!

I CAN'T THINK OF A WORSE PLACE TO BE STRANDED, FRED -- WITH NOTHING AROUND US BUT SNOW AND MUFFLED SILENCE!

I WOULDN'T MIND FACING IT ALONE, HONEY -- BUT I CERTAINLY WISH I HADN'T BEEN FOOL ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU ALONG!





FOR MONTHS, I'VE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF A TEST FLIGHT IN SEVERE WINTER WEATHER -- AND YET I KEPT PUTTING IT OFF -- BECAUSE SOMETHING WARNED ME IT WOULD BE **DANGEROUS!** BUT EVEN THEN, IT WAS A DANGER I COULDN'T DEFINE -- AND I HAVE A FEELING **NOW** IT'S STILL AHEAD OF US!



AS SNOW TOPPLES FROM THE MANTLED PINES -- THUDDING SOFTLY IN THE RESTLESS SOLITUDE --

FRED -- LET'S NOT LEAVE THE PLANE! I'D RATHER FREEZE TO DEATH THAN GO WANDERING OFF -- AND FIND OURSELVES FACING HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT!

COME ON, HONEY -- DON'T LET THE ATMOSPHERE THROW YOU! EVEN IN A LONELY REGION LIKE THIS -- WE'RE BOUND TO COME ACROSS PEOPLE **SOMEWHERE!**



IN A WILDERNESS WHERE EVERY TREE CASTS A BLURRED SHADOW -- AND EVERY SHADOW QUIVERS LIKE A CROUCHING THING --

HAVE YOU NOTICED THAT WE'VE BEEN WALKING IN A DEFINITE **DIRECTION?** I WONDER IF IT'S MERE CHANCE -- OR BECAUSE WE **FEEL** SOMETHING WE CAN'T SEE?

I'M AWARE OF **SOMETHING**, LINDA! BUT COME TO THINK OF IT -- I'VE **ALWAYS** EXPERIENCED A VAGUE UNEASINESS JUST BEFORE **MIDNIGHT!**



**SUDDENLY --**

**LOOK -- THEY'RE HUMAN FOOT-PRINTS!**

SOMEONE WALKED OUT OF THOSE WOODS, FRED -- BUT WHERE'D HE GO? THE TRACKS END RIGHT HERE -- **ABRUPTLY!**



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER -- A LEAP TO THE TOP OF THAT ROCK -- AND NO **HUMAN** COULD'VE DONE THAT!

**GET BACK!** I THOUGHT I SAW A PINE BRANCH STIRRING UP THERE -- BUT IT'S A **HEAD -- PEERING DOWN AT US!**



**THEN -- UPTHURST AGAINST A GLINTING SKY --**



WITH A BOUND THAT CASTS A SHAGGY Splotch OF EVIL UPON THE SNOW --

**LOOK OUT -- IT'S A WEREWOLF!**





THERE ARE TIMES WHEN FEAR CAN TRANSFORM A MAN --OR LOVE--OR SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN HIM THAT FINDS VOICE IN A DESPERATE SNARL! IN A RUSH THAT RAISES A HISSING SPRAY OF SNOW--

WHATEVER HAPPENS--YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TOUCH HER!



FOR AN INSTANT, A PANTING STARE GLEAMS LIKE POINTS OF FIRE FROM THE MONSTROUS FACE-- AND THEN--

FRED--IT'S DRAWING BACK!

I'M NOT FOOL ENOUGH TO THINK I'VE CHECKED IT! LET'S GET AWAY FROM THAT THING-- WHILE WE HAVE A CHANCE!



SLOWLY THE STARS FADE-- AND SPURRED BY THE GREY PRESENCE OF PURSUING FEAR--

WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO ESCAPE, FRED-- KNOWING WE'RE UP AGAINST A CREATURE THAT CAN CHANGE FROM A HUMAN FORM INTO A FIEND LIKE THAT?

DEALING WITH A WEREWOLF IS BAD ENOUGH, LINDA-- WITHOUT ASSUMING IT ACTUALLY CHANGED! THOSE FOOTPRINTS WERE MADE BY THE CREATURE'S VICTIM-- AND OUR BEST BET IS TO FOLLOW THEM TO THE VILLAGE HE CAME FROM!



A MILE BEYOND--

DARLING-- I DON'T THINK I CAN GO MUCH FURTHER THROUGH THESE TERRIBLE DRIFTS!

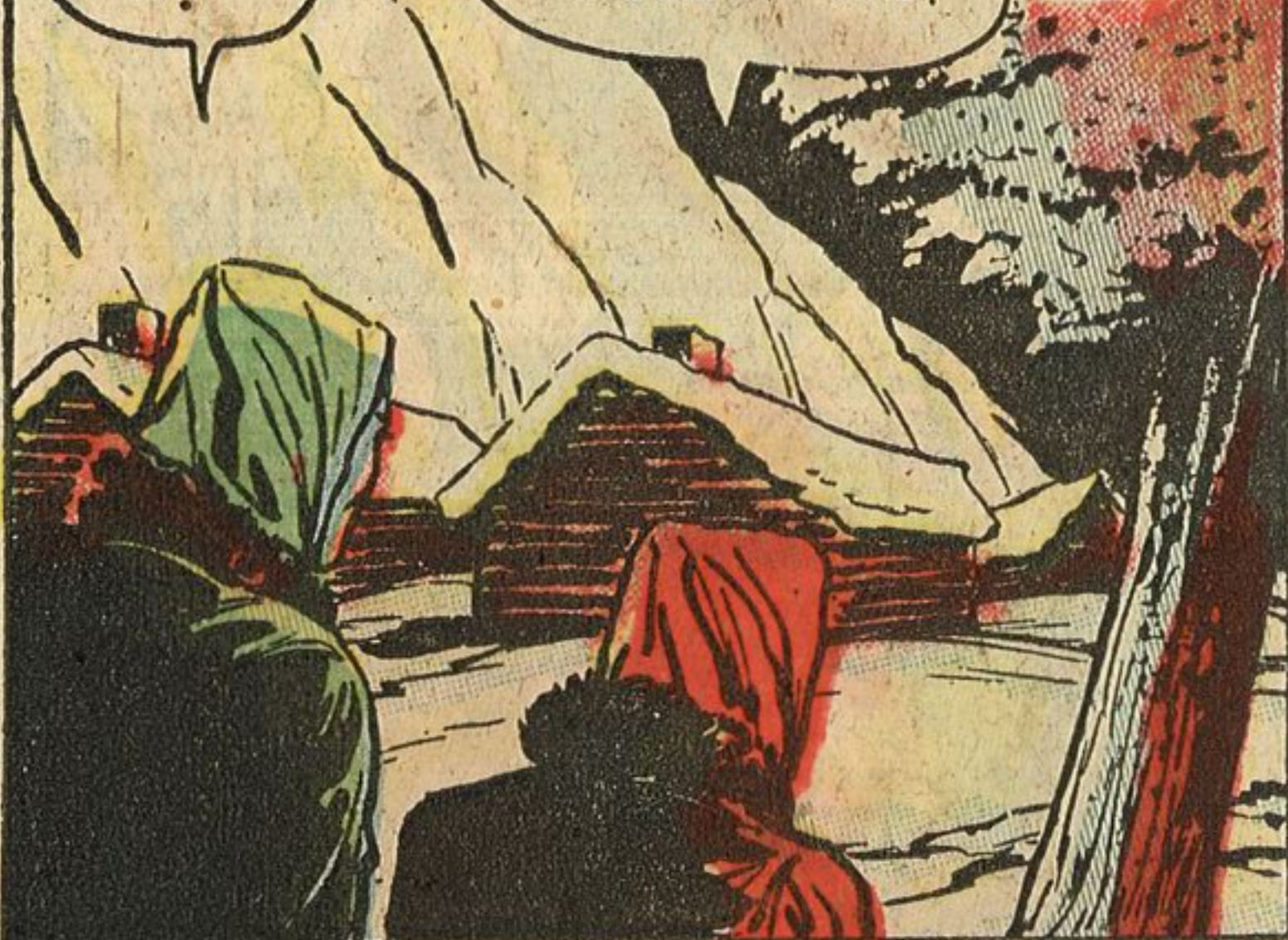
TRY TO KEEP MOVING, LINDA! THE TREES ARE THINNING OUT-- AND THAT'S A GOOD SIGN!



THEN--ETCHED STARKLY BY THE HAZY MOONLIGHT--

HONEY-- WE MADE IT!

HOUSES! THANK GOODNESS YOU HAD THE RIGHT HUNCH ABOUT FOLLOWING THOSE TRACKS!



IN A SUDDEN CLUTCHING REALIZATION--

YE GODS-- WE WERE HEADING THROUGH A HEAVY SNOWFALL-- THERE **AREN'T** ANY TRACKS! AND HOW COME I EXPECTED TO FIND A VILLAGE -- INSTEAD OF A SINGLE CABIN? GUESSWORK CAN GO SO FAR-- **WHAT'S BEHIND IT? AND THOSE CABINS-- THEY LOOK-- EMPTY!**





IN THE NEXT INSTANT-- AS IF EVIL ITSELF HOWLED  
A MOCKING ANSWER--

GOOD HEAVENS--  
IT'S THE WEREWOLF,  
FRED-- SOME-  
WHERE  
VERY  
CLOSE!

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE CREA-  
TURE BAYING THIS TIME-- BUT I  
DON'T SEE A THING! QUICK--  
LET'S GET TO THOSE CABINS!

AOOOOOO!



WHAT'LL WE DO IF  
WE CAN'T GET INTO  
THOSE EMTY CABINS  
-- SUPPOSE  
THEY'RE  
LOCKED!

THEY'RE NOT LOCKED  
-- AND THEY'RE NOT  
EMPTY! THE DOORS  
ARE INCHING OPEN--  
ONE BY ONE!



THE PALE FACES WERE AS COLD AS THE HEART  
OF A GLACIER-- EXCEPT FOR THE EYES-- AND  
THEY HELD A GLEAM OF SEETHING TERROR!

COULD BE THEY JUST LOOK WEIRD, LINDA  
-- BUT IT'S STRANGE THEY DON'T SEEM  
TO FEAR THAT NOISE WE HEARD!



WAS IT SNOW  
RUMBLING  
DOWN THE  
MOUNTAIN-  
SIDE?

OR WAS IT THE SOUND THAT MEANS  
SOMETHING ELSE IS MOVING IN  
THE FROSTY WOODS?



ALL AT ONCE-- QUAVERING CLOSE  
IN THE TINGLING AIR--



LOOK! GREAT  
GUNS-- CAN'T  
YOU SEE  
THAT THING?

HAA!  
HA HA!  
HAA!





IN A CHANGE THAT SWEEPS THE VILLAGE IN A FLASH OF HORROR--

AGH! AGH!  
Aoooooo!!!

YE GODS! THEY'RE TURNING  
INTO WEREWOLVES-- ALL  
AROUND US!

WEREWOLVES-- DOZENS  
OF THEM! WE'VE LET  
OURSELVES BE DRAWN  
INTO AN EVIL TRAP!

FOR PETE'S  
SAKE-- DON'T  
GET PANICKY!  
THEY'RE  
MOVING  
TOWARD  
US!



COME ON! WE WON'T  
STAND A CHANCE OUT  
HERE IN THE OPEN--  
THAT CABIN'S OUR  
ONLY HOPE!



SLAM!

GARRGHHHHH!



THEY'RE  
BOUND TO  
BREAK IN  
--WHAT'LL  
WE DO  
NOW?

JUST ON AN  
OUTSIDE CHANCE  
-- I WONDER  
WHETHER THAT  
OLD TRUNK  
WON'T YIELD  
SOMETHING  
THAT'LL HELP US  
TO ESCAPE  
FROM THOSE  
FIENDS!



AS FRED HURLS BACK THE MUSTY LID--

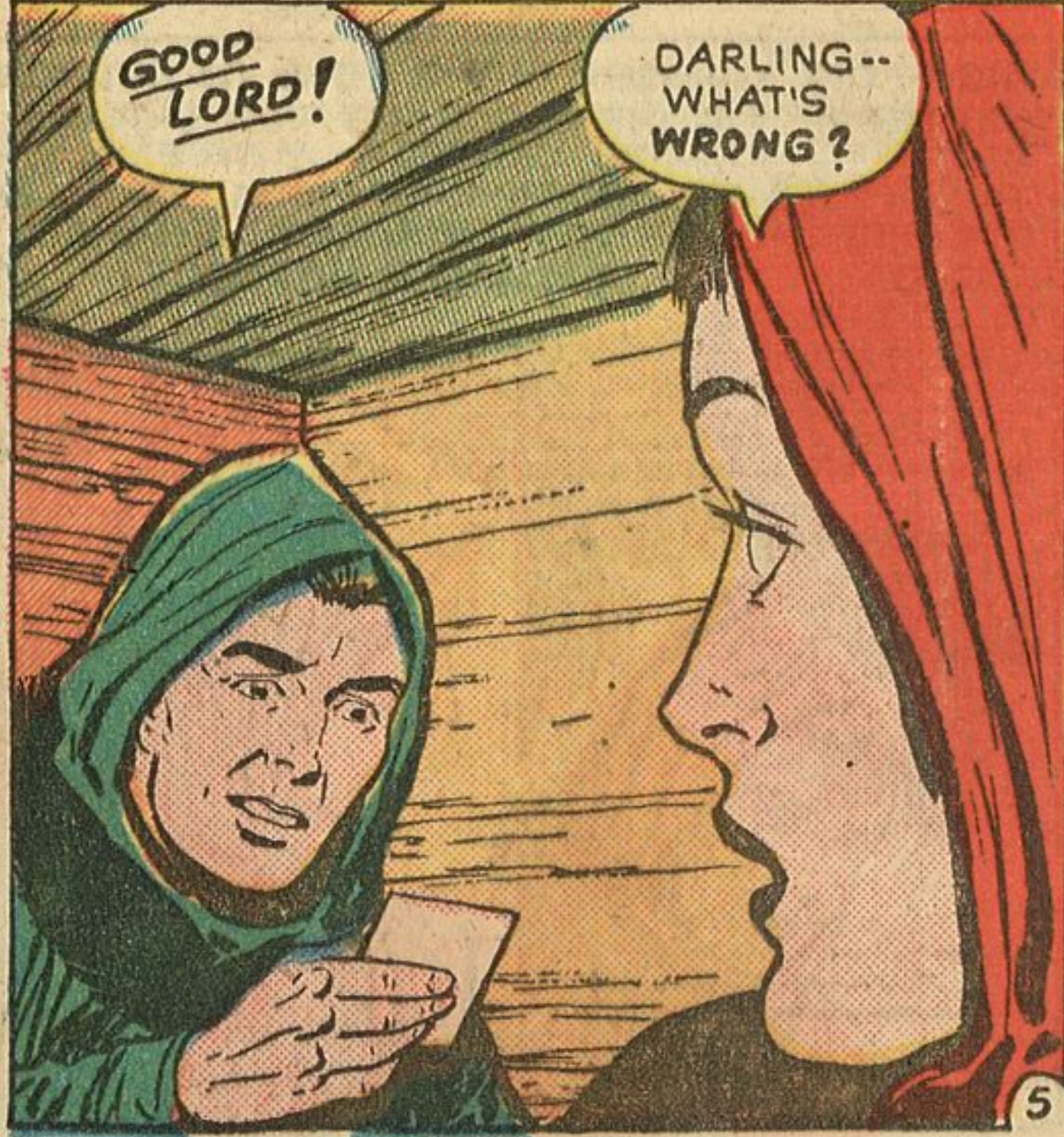
MILDEWED CLOTHES-- A FEW  
YELLOWED DOCUMENTS! THEY  
MUST HAVE BEEN  
PACKED YEARS AGO!

FRED-- HURRY!  
THE DOOR  
WON'T HOLD  
ANOTHER  
SECOND!



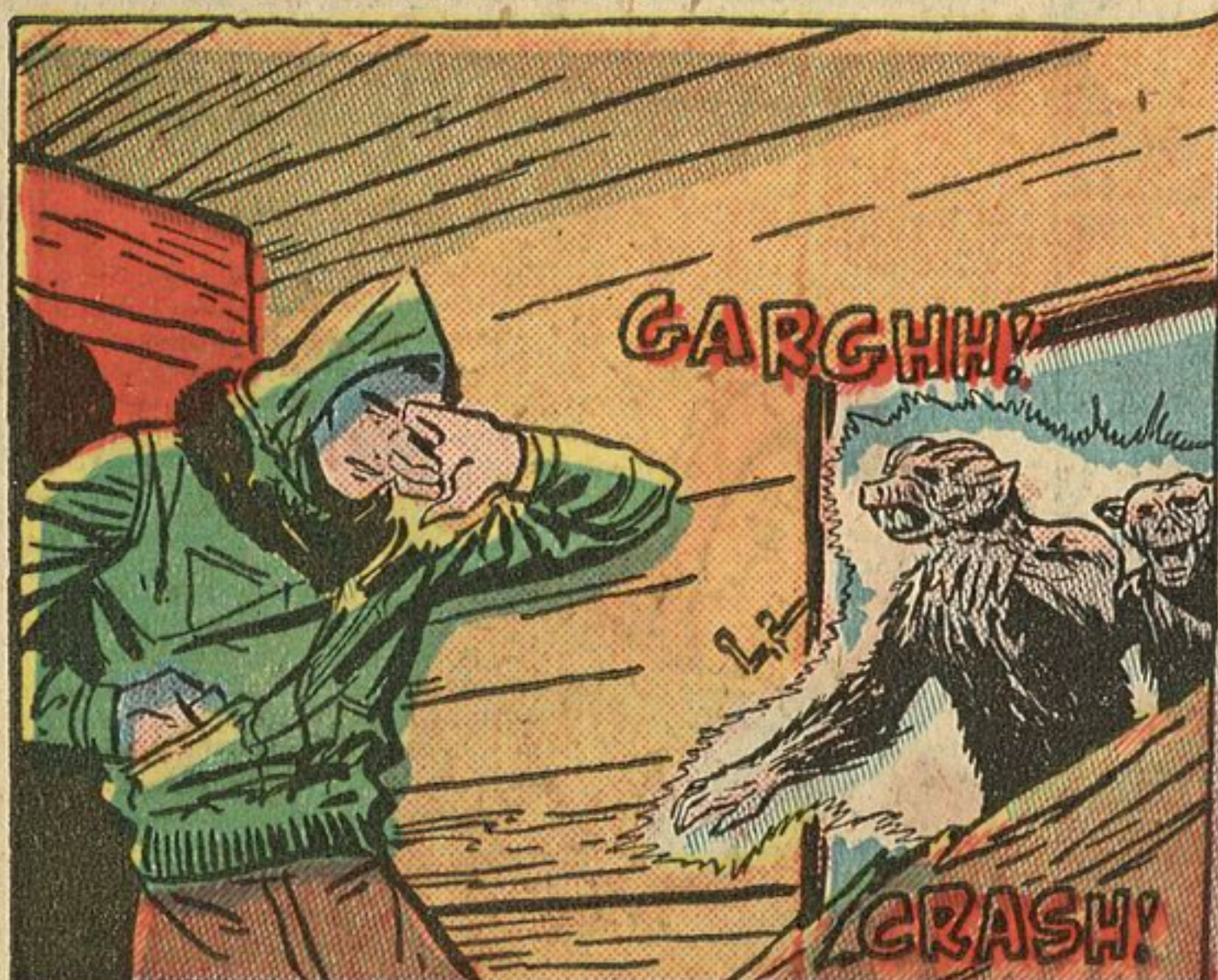
GOOD  
LORD!

DARLING--  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?





FOR A MOMENT, NOTHING REGISTERS TO FRED-- NOTHING BUT A CRUSHING WAVE OF RAW HORROR-- AND IN THAT VERY MOMENT--



THEN-- ROUSED BY A SCREAM SHARP AS SHATTERED GLASS--

OHH! FRED-- DON'T LET THEM TOUCH ME!

YE GODS-- LINDA!



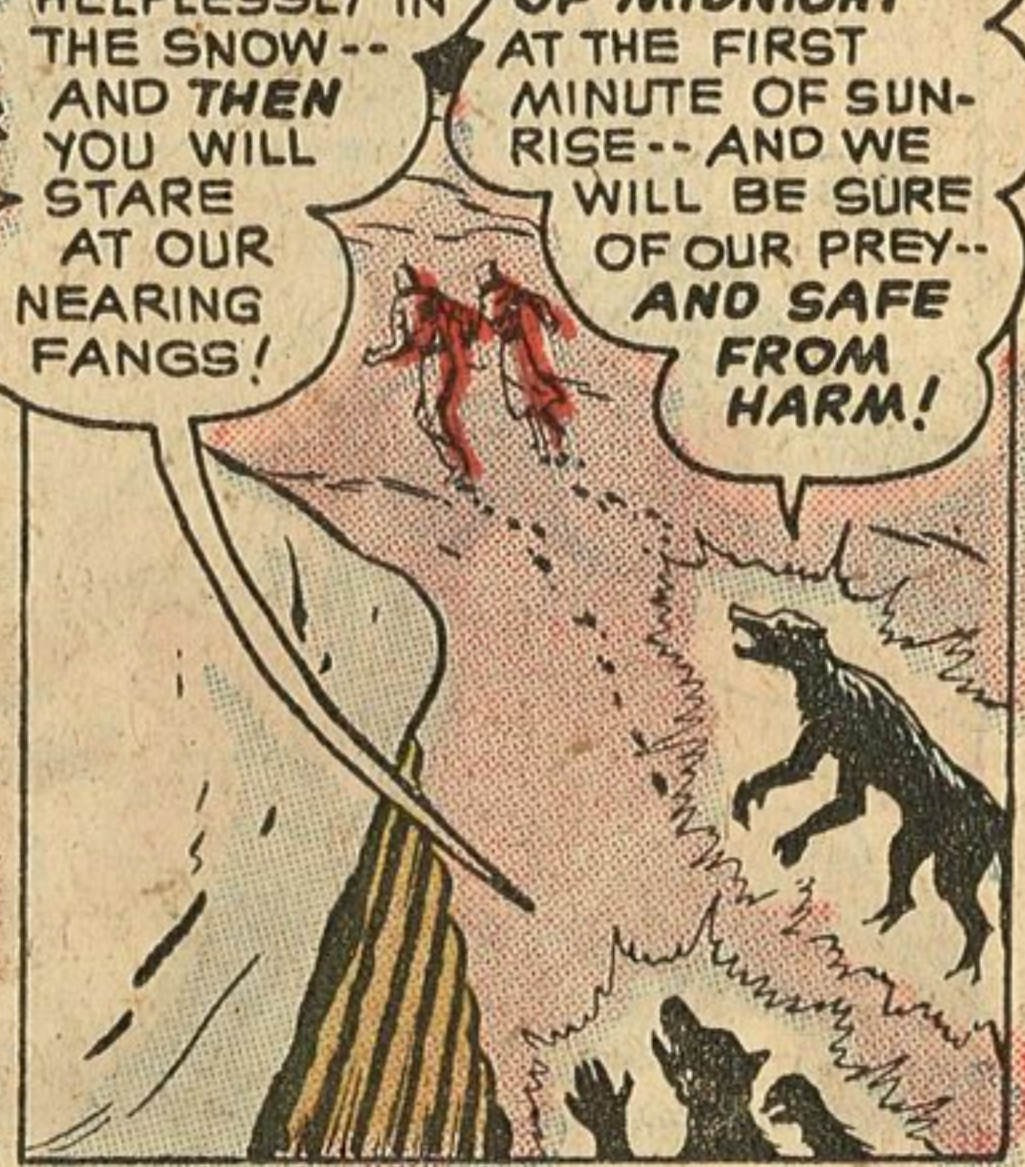
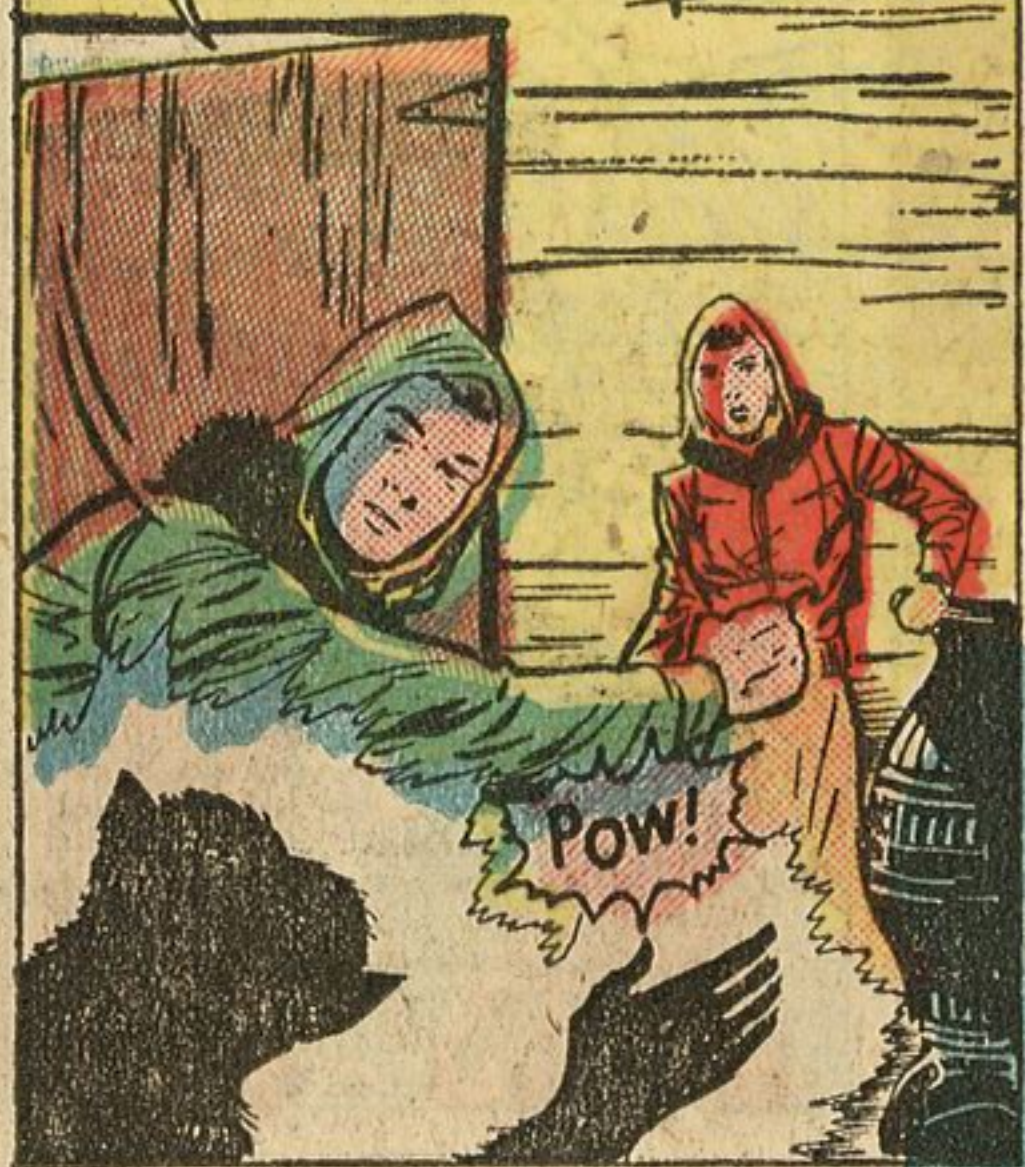
QUICK-- GET OUT THE WINDOW!

IT'S NO USE-- IT'S NO USE! WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO NOW?

IT'S ALMOST AS IF SHE KNEW WHAT I'VE FOUND! THERE'S MORE THAN OUR LIVES AT STAKE-- WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE!

HAA! DO YOU THINK YOU WILL FIND REFUGE FROM US? BY DAWN YOU WILL BE STAGGERING HELPLESSLY IN THE SNOW-- AND THEN YOU WILL STARE AT OUR NEARING FANGS!

WE CANNOT BE ELUDED-- WE CANNOT BE DESTROYED! LET ONLY ONE OF US ECHO THE HOWL OF MIDNIGHT AT THE FIRST MINUTE OF SUNRISE-- AND WE WILL BE SURE OF OUR PREY-- AND SAFE FROM HARM!

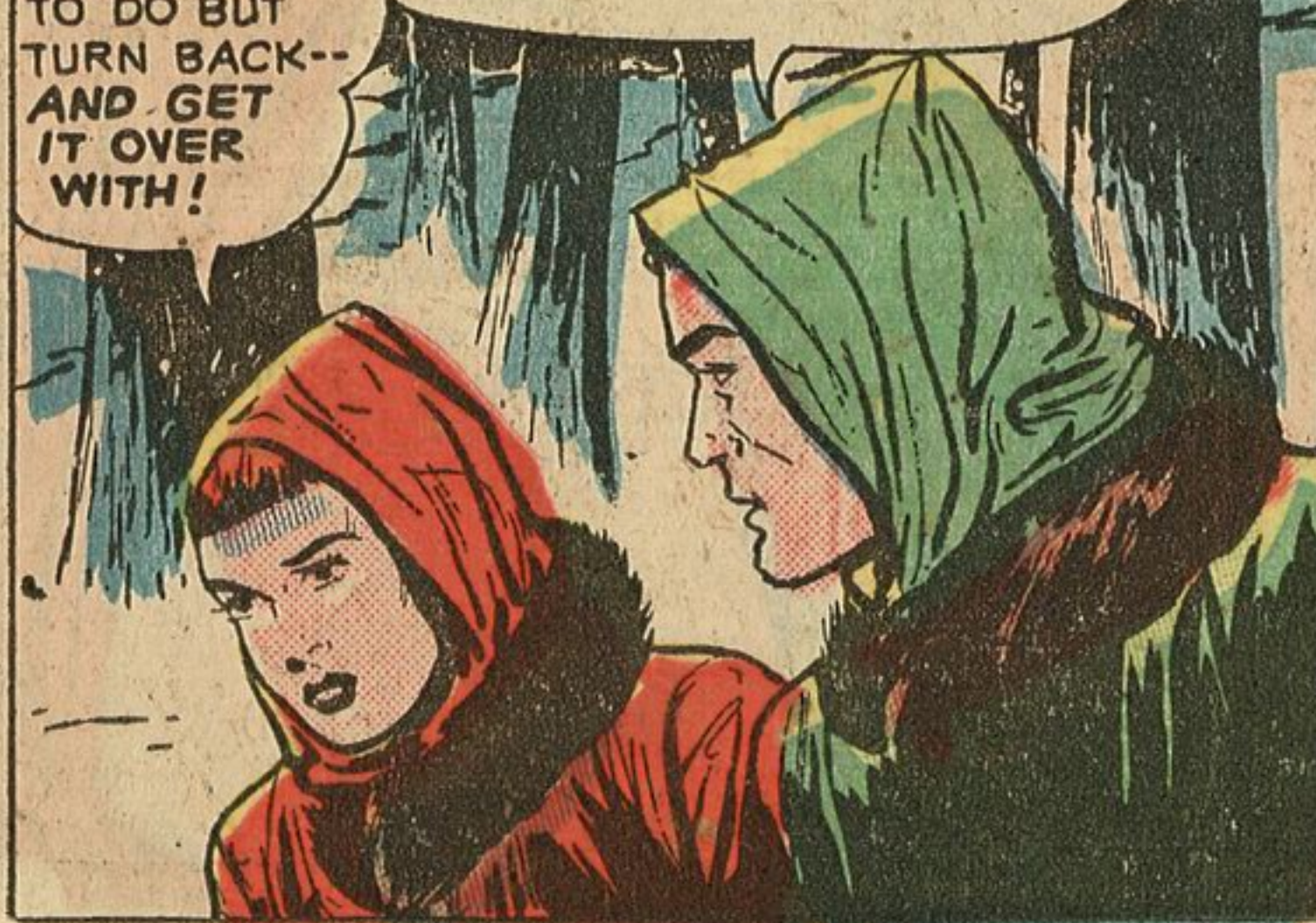


FRED-- DID YOU HEAR THAT? THERE'S NOTHING FOR US TO DO BUT TURN BACK-- AND GET IT OVER WITH!

HONEY, IF THE HOWL OF MIDNIGHT IS THE ONE THING THAT SHIELDS THOSE CREEPS-- MAYBE WE CAN DO SOMETHING! WE'VE GOT TO TRY, ANYWAY-- OR FACE INDESCRIBABLE HORROR!

FRED DOESN'T NOTICE LINDA'S FLEETING SMILE-- GIVING JUST A HINT-- A SHADY FORERUNNER OF THINGS TO COME!

HORROR... HE THINKS IT'S HORROR-- BUT MAYBE-- MAYBE I DON'T!

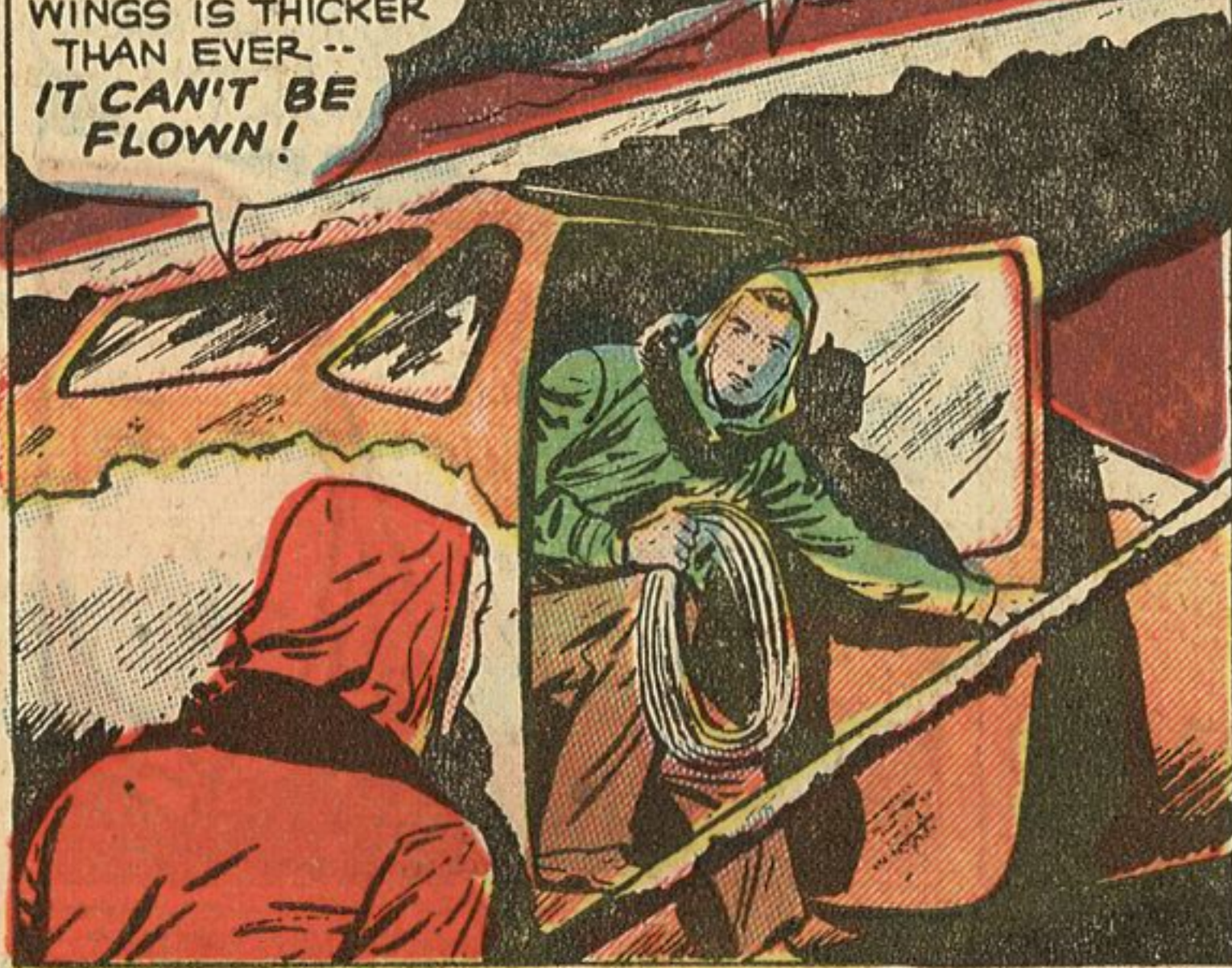




**HOURS LATER--**

WHAT GOOD WILL THE PLANE DO-- THE ICE ON THE WINGS IS THICKER THAN EVER-- **IT CAN'T BE FLOWN!**

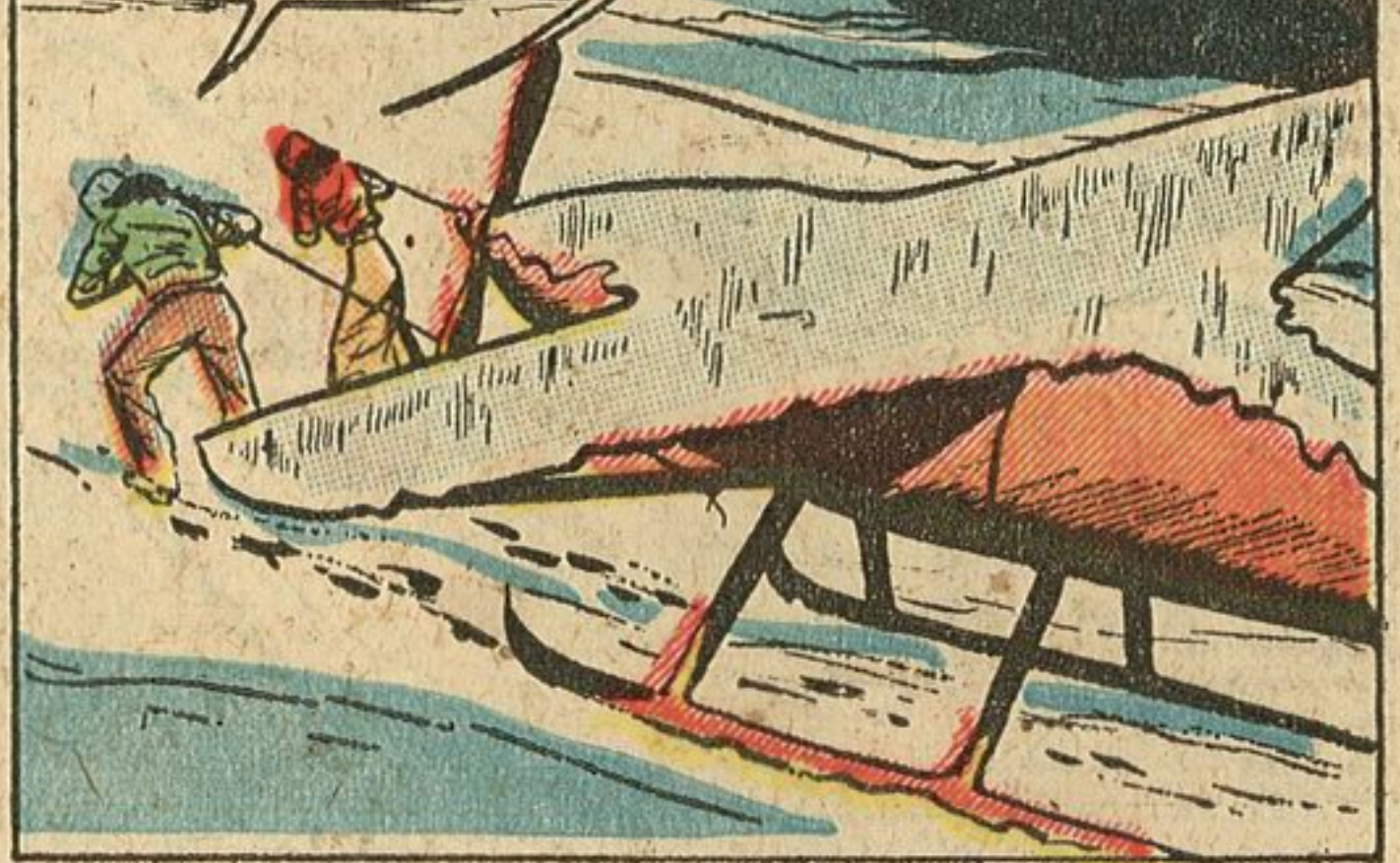
NOPE-- BUT IT **CAN** BE DRAGGED! WE'RE HAULING IT THROUGH THE WOODS, LINDA-- **BACK TO THAT ACCURSED VILLAGE!**



**YARD BY YARD THROUGH THE MOON-GLAZED DRIFTS-- WITH THE SCENT OF DOOM CLINGING TO THE FROSTY AIR--**

IF WE GET CAUGHT IN ONE OF THOSE DRIFTS-- **WE'RE FINISHED!** IT CAN'T HAPPEN-- WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE VILLAGE BY DAWN!

IT WON'T WORK, FRED! THE MIDNIGHT HOWL IS SOMETHING THAT CAN'T BE SILENCED-- YOU'LL FIND OUT!



**AN HOUR LATER-- WITH EYES ALIGHT WITH EVIL IN THE FROZEN MURK--**

THE MORNING STAR GLINTS ABOVE THE MOUNTAINS! PREPARE-- IT IS CLOSE TO SUNRISE!

**TIME FOR FANGS-- TIME FOR PAWS-- TIME FOR A CHASE THROUGH THE RINGING WOODS!**



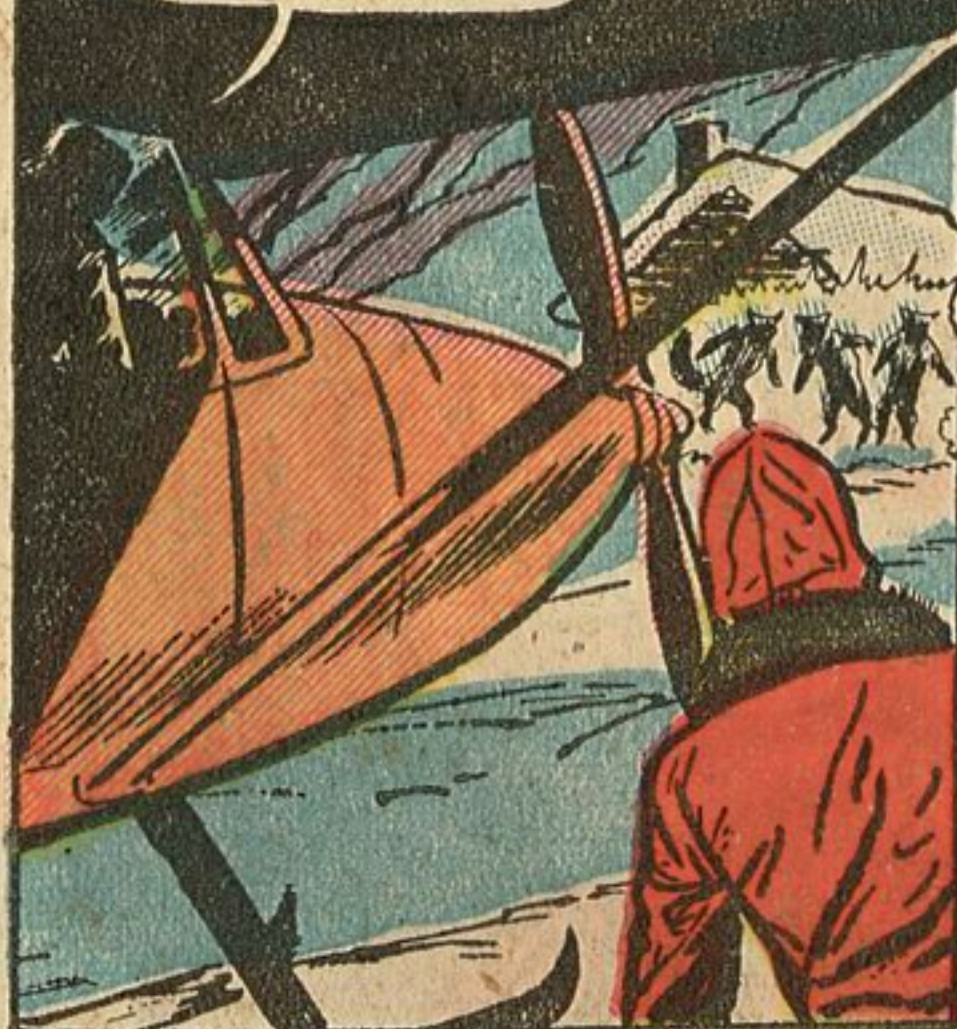
**NOW WE ARE READY!**

**READY TO TRACK DOWN THE HUMANS WHO ARE LISTENING! -- LISTENING FOR THE MID-NIGHT HOWL IN SOME ICY HOLLOW IN WHICH THEY SOUGHT TO HIDE!**



**SUDDENLY-- THE SCUTTling FORMS STOP SHORT!**

**REMEMBER, LINDA-- KEEP YOUR HEAD-- AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!**



I REMEMBER ONE THING YOU FREAKS MENTIONED-- **THE SNOW-SLIDES THAT COME ROARING DOWN THAT SLOPE! THAT'S WHAT I'M COUNTING ON-- HELPED ALONG BY THE VIBRATIONS OF A POWERFUL ENGINE!**



**With the THUDDING ROAR ECHOED FROM THE QUIVERING WHITE SUMMIT--**

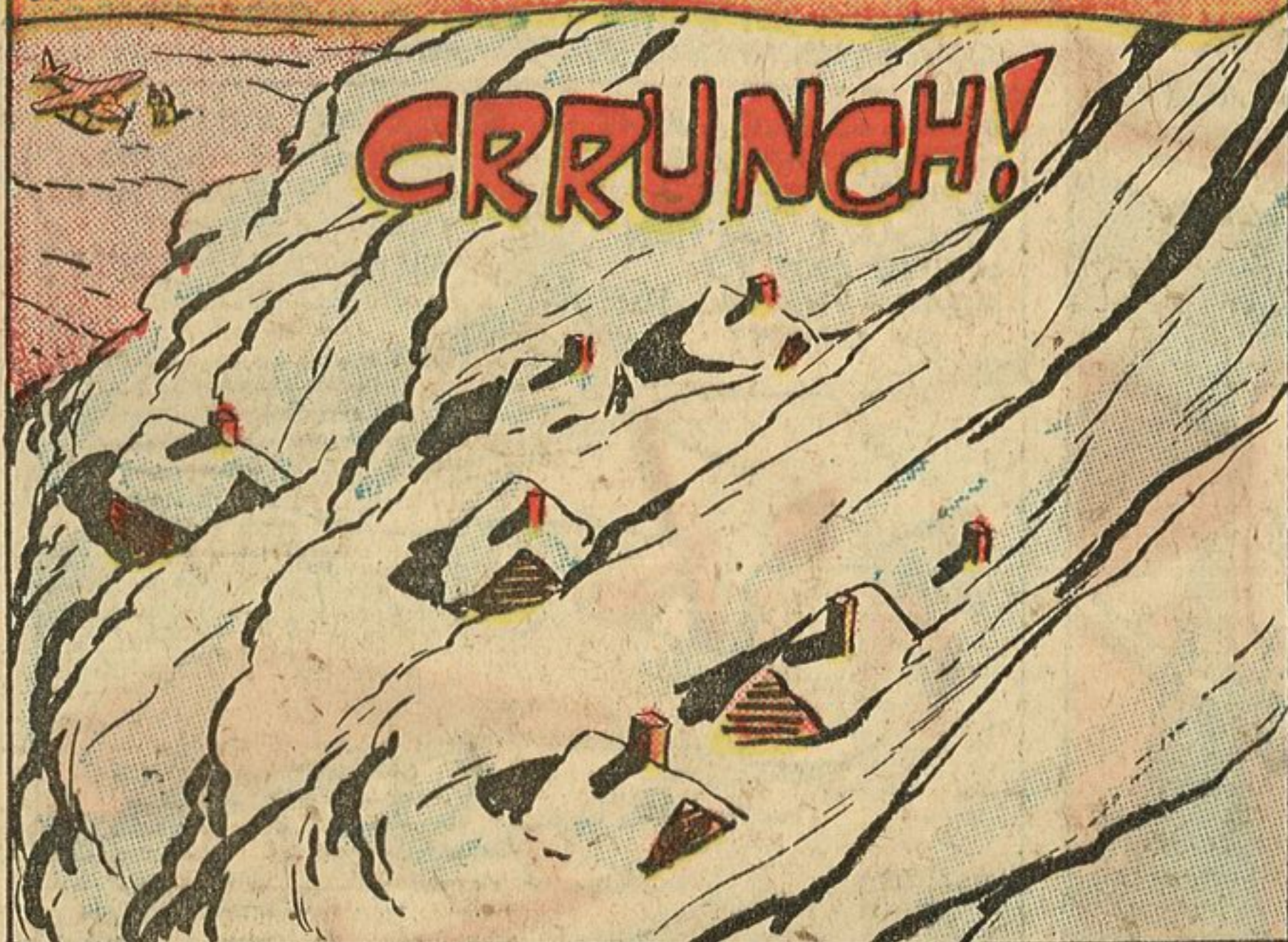
**THE HOWL-- THE HOWL-- RAISE THE MIDNIGHT HOWL!**

**WARRRRGH!**





THEN -- AS THE ENTIRE JAGGED HORIZON SEEMS TO SHIFT --



WITH THE ACCURSED VILLAGE ENGULFED --

HONEY -- WE'VE DONE IT -- JUST A MINUTE BEFORE DAWN! NOW YOU WON'T HEAR SO MUCH AS A SINGLE SMOTHERED YELP!

FRED -- ARE YOU SURE? CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANYONE ELSE WHO MIGHT RAISE THE MIDNIGHT HOWL?



I DON'T GET YOU, LINDA! YOU'VE LEARNED SOMETHING -- WHAT IS IT?

I'VE LEARNED WHAT IT MEANS TO BE BITTEN -- BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME BACK IN THE CABIN, BEFORE WE ESCAPED! CAN'T YOU GUESS HOW LOUD MY VOICE CAN RISE IN THE NEXT FORTY SECONDS -- NOW THAT I'M ONE OF THEM?



LINDA -- DON'T! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IT MEANS TO TRADE YOUR SOUL FOR THE LIFE OF A WEREWOLF -- THE GRISLY SEARCH FOR PREY IN AN UN-ENDING CYCLE OF HORROR?

YOU WON'T -- YOU WON'T KEEP ME FROM DOING SOMETHING I MUST SEEK WITH A DESIRE YOU'LL NEVER FATHOM! YES, YOU CAN SPEAK OF HORROR -- BECAUSE YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE LURE OF SHAGGY GREY FORMS LOPING ALONG THE MOONLIT SNOW -- CALLING TO THEIR OWN WITH THE MIDNIGHT HOWL!



I THOUGHT YOU COULD HAVE GUESSED, LINDA! -- BY NOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE? IT'S CHANGING!



I ALMOST FORGOT HOW TO CHANGE, LINDA! LOOK AT ME -- CAN YOU IMAGINE YOUR FACE TURNING INTO SOMETHING LIKE THIS?

SHAGGY -- EVIL -- OH, DON'T -- DON'T! I CAN'T STAND IT!

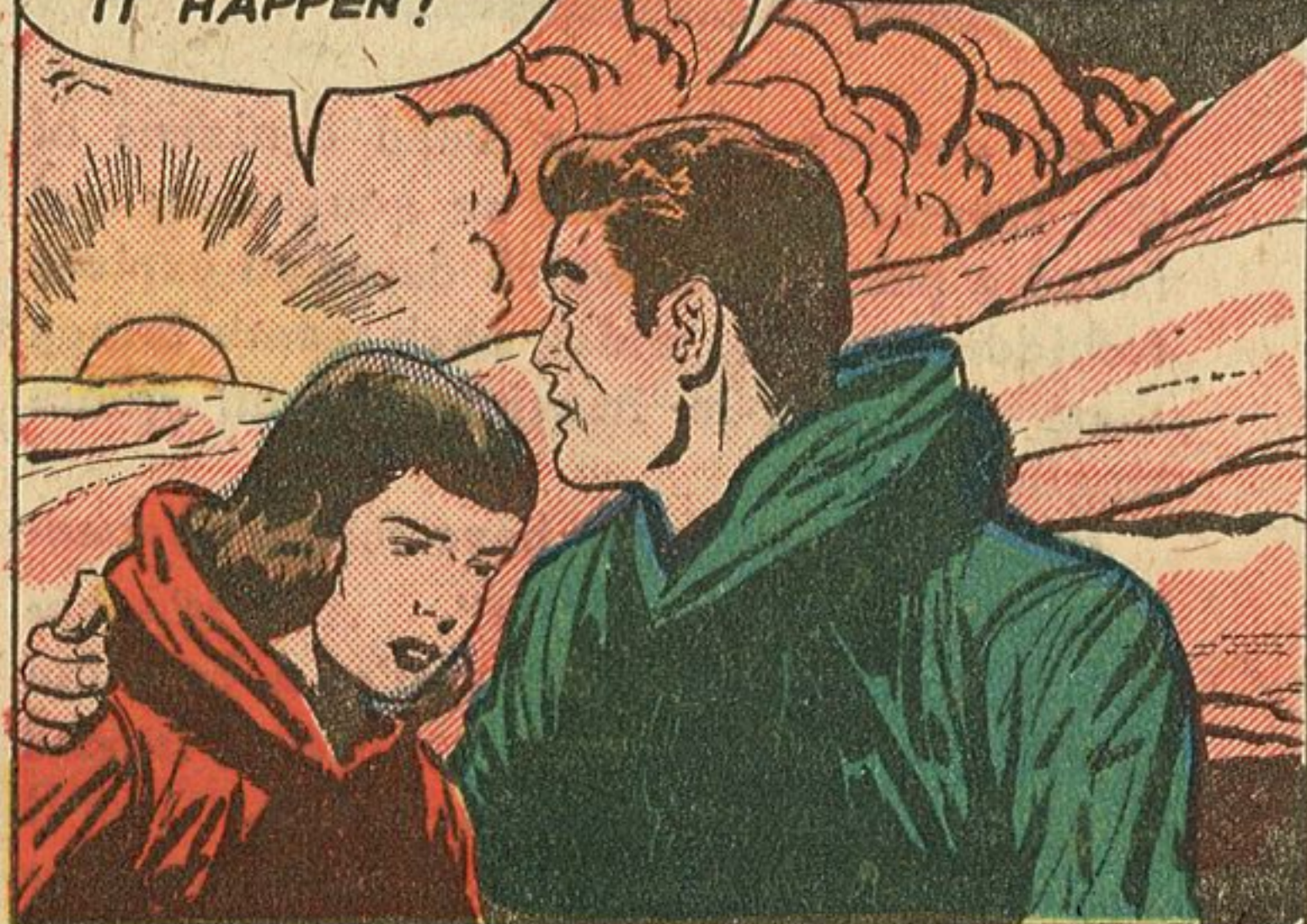




THEN--WITH THE SUN'S FIERY RIM REDDENING THE SNOW-- FRED RESUMES HIS NORMAL FORM--

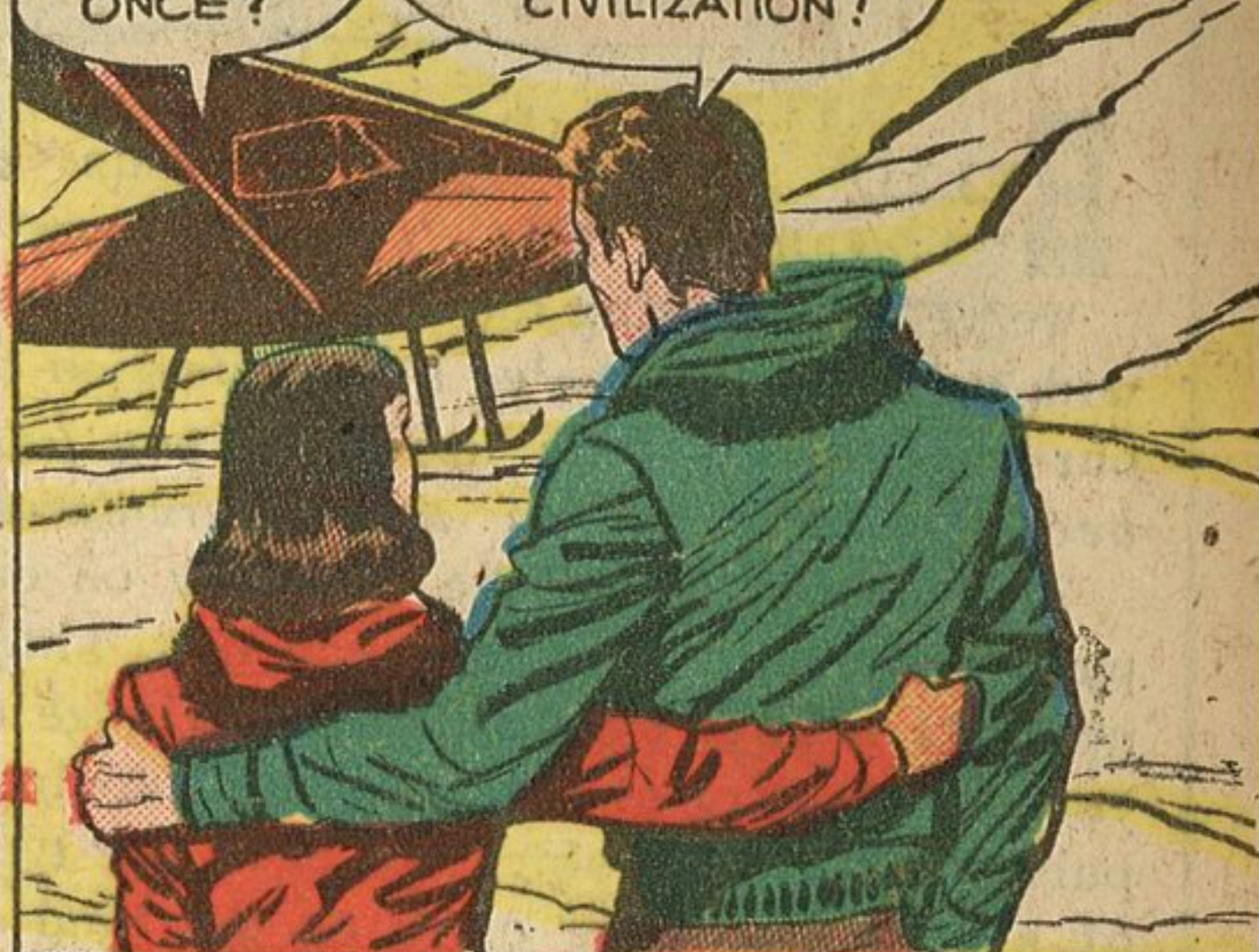
FRED-- I DON'T WANT TO BECOME A THING LIKE THAT! HELP ME-- DON'T LET IT HAPPEN!

TAKE IT EASY, LINDA! IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN NOW-- IT'S DAYBREAK!



DARLING, I HARDLY KNOW HOW TO ASK-- BUT WERE YOU A WEREWOLF-- ONCE?

NOT EXACTLY-- BUT I WOULD HAVE BEEN IF I'D REMAINED IN THIS ACCURSED VILLAGE! YOU SEE, LINDA-- I WANDERED AWAY AS A CHILD-- AND WAS FOUND BY A FUR TRAPPER WHO TOOK ME TO CIVILIZATION!



IN LATER YEARS, I REMEMBERED MY BEHAVIOR THEN-- HOW I SNARLED AND YELPED AT MIDNIGHT-- STRIVING TO ANSWER THE UNHEARD SUMMONS THAT STILL ECHOED WITHIN ME! IN TIME, MY MEMORY OF THE MIDNIGHT HOWL FADED AWAY-- I COULD LOOK AT A PICTURE OF A WOLF WITH LITTLE MORE THAN A NAMELESS QUIVER OF KINSHIP-- BUT SOMETHING REMAINED!



SOMETHING-- STRONG ENOUGH TO IMPEL YOU TO MAKE THIS FLIGHT!

IT WAS A CROSSCURRENT, LINDA-- MOVING ME UNAWARE ON A SECRET COURSE-- DRAWING ME BACK TO THE HALF-WORLD FROM WHICH I HAD COME! THAT MUCH I FINALLY REALIZED WHEN I SEARCHED THAT OLD TRUNK-- BRINGING BACK A SURGE OF MEMORIES THAT BRISTLED LIKE JAGGED FANGS!



ONE THING-- THANK HEAVEN-- SAVED ME THEN FROM THE CLUTCHING CONVICTION THAT I HAD AT LAST RETURNED! ONE THING, LINDA-- AND THAT WAS THE THOUGHT THAT NOTHING COULD MEAN MORE THAN YOU!

DARLING, EVEN IF IT WAS SOMETHING HIDEOUS-- WE'RE SAFE FROM TERROR NOW!-- LET ME SEE WHAT YOU FOUND!



THE TAWNY SUNLIGHT GLAZED THE SNOW THAT LAY LIKE AN ETERNAL MANTLE OVER THINGS THAT WOULD NEVER RISE... A KEENING WIND RIPPLED THE SILENT DRIFTS-- AND SOMETHING FLUTTERED IN FRED STANTON'S HAND! IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN YEARS BEFORE-- THE PORTRAIT OF A BOY WHO WAS FATED TO ESCAPE-- AND WHOSE RETURN WOULD MARK THE END OF THE MIDNIGHT HOWL! HIS OWN PICTURE!

THE END





**H**ELLO AGAIN, LOYAL fans of "Adventures Into The Unknown"!

We've been waiting for this little meeting with you, because we've had a question on our minds. It's this: *when did you first become interested in the supernatural?*

This isn't merely idle curiosity on our part. It's more important than that, since upon its answer depends our knowledge of you, the readers of this great and far-flung publication. And since we base the type of stories which we carry on the kind of people we suppose our readers to be, you can see just how important it is. It has ever been our conviction that the public towards whom this magazine is directed isn't composed of "made" fans whose interest in the weird and occult is a recent thing, created by accidentally happening upon stories such as we sponsor. Rather, we feel that our support comes from people of fresh, questing and intelligent imagination who've always maintained a keen and alert interest in that great and unknown realm which lies beyond life itself. Young and old, such readers have always thrilled to "ghost" stories, to tense and gripping

yarns dealing with the dread denizens of the supernatural. They've sought for and found a publication which dares to explore forbidden worlds, which each month brings them the best in imaginative and spine-tingling plot.

In brief, they...you...have found "Adventures Into The Unknown". And it's because we're certain that you're a born fan of the true supernatural that we've framed such an issue as the current one. You'll go far, we feel, before you read as gripping a weird adventure as "Artist of Evil". Ditto for "Twin of Terror", which packs an eerie punch that will linger long in your memory. Then there's "The Midnight Howl", as strange and fascinating an exploit into occult werewolfism as ever we've carried. Finally, you'll go all out for "Ghost Town", a spectral story that's new and different!

We're sure you'll like this issue, but we want to know your reactions. Write us, please! Address your letter to The Editor, "Adventures Into The Unknown", 45 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y. And here's what some of our other readers are saying!

*"Dear Editor:-*

*'Adventures Into The Unknown' is splendid...it's more than worth its price. It beats every other comic I buy. Issues 23, 26, 27 and 28 were tops, I thought, but later ones still keep improving. For great stories, 'Wizard of Evil' and 'Satan's Sceptre' get my vote!*

*--Paul Rogers, Toronto, Canada"*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I really enjoy 'Adventures Into The Unknown', and feel that it's the best of its kind. My pet stories were 'Werewolf Valley', 'The Demon of The Deep' and 'Haunt of The Hyena'. Keep up the great work!*

*--Sara Jo Bowden, Monterey, Tenn."*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I've read a lot of supernatural comics, but 'Adventures Into The Unknown' is by far the best. Such wonderful stories...so much excitement! You've got this fan forever!*

*--Kenneth Rowe, Elizabeth, N. J."*

*"Dear Editor:-*

*I'm writing to compliment you on your magnificent stories in 'Adventures Into The Unknown'. From the first page to the last, I was completely spell-bound. Keep up the good work!*

*--Sandra Loughran, Buffalo, N. Y."*



# GHOST TOWN



**D**EEP IN THE LONELY FASTNESS OF THE VULTURE MOUNTAINS IN WESTERN ARIZONA...

LISTEN -- OUR GEIGER COUNTERS ARE BEGINNING TO TICK--WE MUST BE GETTING NEAR A URANIUM DEPOSIT! THAT \$25,000 THE GOVERNMENT PAYS FOR EACH NEW FIND IS AS GOOD AS OURS!

CAN'T YOU THINK OF ANY-THING BUT MONEY, PRESCOTT? I TEAMED UP WITH YOU ON THIS PROSPECTING EXPEDITION TO LOCATE BADLY-NEEDED URANIUM FOR THE GOVERNMENT-- NOT TO GET RICH!

CLICK!  
CLICK!  
CLICK!

DON'T BE A SUCKER, HARRIS--- **NOTHING'S** AS IMPORTANT AS MONEY! SAY--- WHAT'S THAT TOWN DOING DOWN THERE? MY U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY MAP DOESN'T SHOW IT!

I HAVE A MUCH OLDER MAP--AND MINE **DOES** INDICATE A TOWN BY THE NAME OF **LEAD CITY** HERE! IF IT'S BEEN TAKEN OFF LATER MAPS, IT MUST MEAN IT'S AN ABANDONED **GHOST TOWN!**





LEAD CITY, EH? WELL, IF THIS WAS THE SITE OF AN OLD LEAD MINE, IT WOULD EXPLAIN WHY THE GEIGER COUNTERS STOPPED CLICKING WHEN WE REACHED THE TOP OF THIS HILL! SURFACE LEAD CAN MASK URANIUM RADIATIONS -- SO I'M GOING TO BLOW A PIECE OFF THIS HILL--AND THEN SEE IF THE COUNTERS RESUME THEIR CLICKING!

I DON'T LIKE THE IDEA OF THAT, PRESCOTT! MY MAP NAMES THIS SPOT **BOOT HILL** --- THIS IS WHERE THEY MUST'VE BURIED OUTLAWS! YOU'D BE DISTURBING THEIR **GRAVES** IF YOU DYNAMITED THE HILL!



WELL, YOU MAY BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS BEING A GRAVEYARD --- BUT THAT DOESN'T STOP ME! WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF --- **GHOSTS?**



AND SO--

THAR SHE BLOWS!

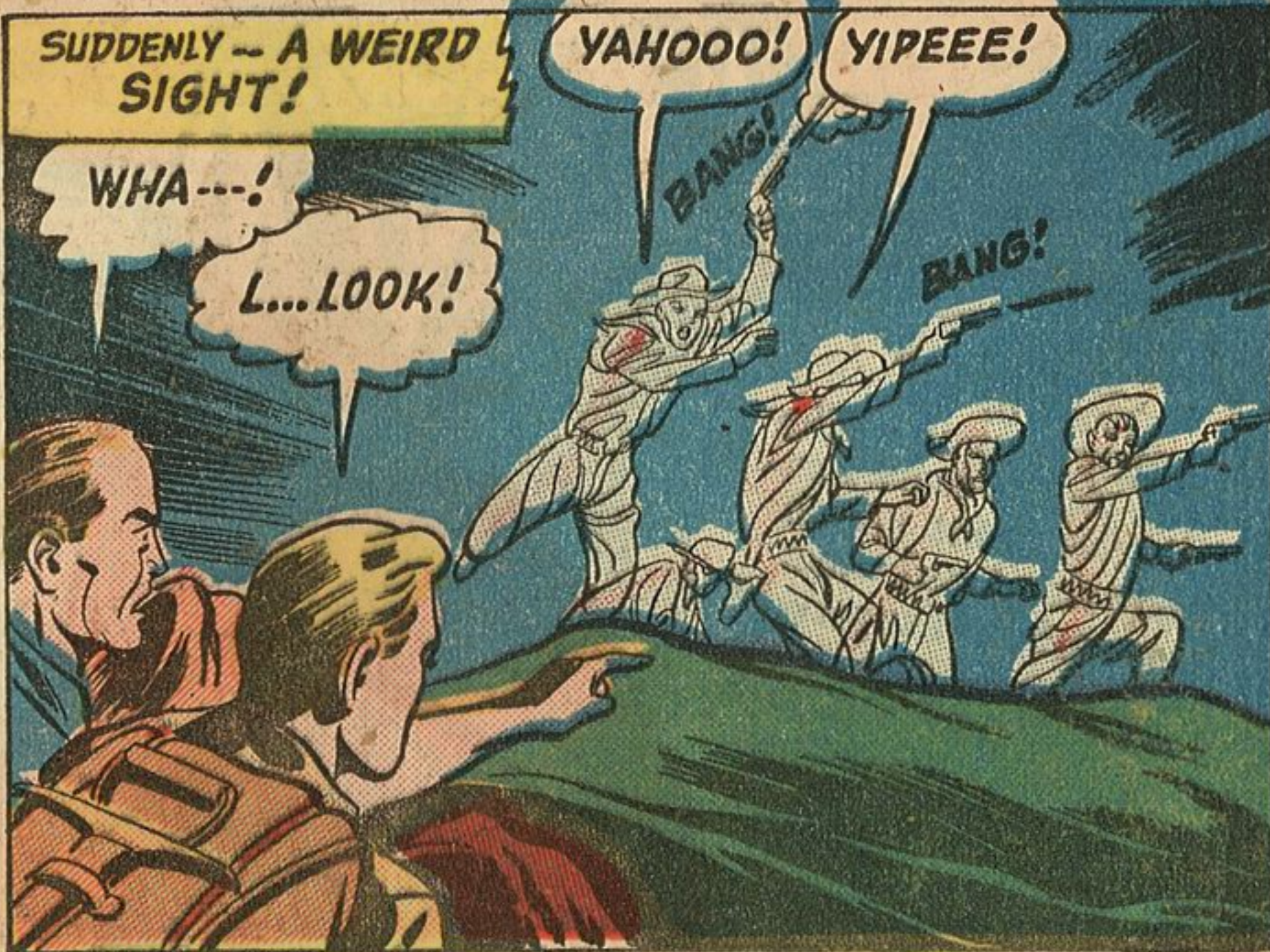
**BOOM!**



SUDDENLY -- A WEIRD SIGHT!

WHA---!

L...LOOK!



YAHOOO!

YIPEEE!

BANG!

BANG!

THEY... THEY'RE **TRANSPARENT... BODILESS!**

YES--- THEY MUST BE THE GHOSTS OF THE OUTLAWS WHO WERE BURIED ON **BOOT HILL**! I WARNED YOU NOT TO DISTURB THEIR GRAVES --- **YOU'VE FREED THEM!**



AS THE GHOSTS RUSH DOWN THE HILL TOWARD THE GHOST TOWN...

GHOSTLY OUTLAWS... KILLERS WHO CAN'T BE KILLED --- THEY COULD MEAN **MILLIONS** TO ME! -- SEE YOU LATER, HARRIS!

THERE'S A SCHEME BREWING IN THAT GREEDY, UNSCRUPULOUS MIND OF HIS! I'LL WAIT A WHILE AND THEN FOLLOW HIM DOWN TO THE GHOST TOWN-- TO FIND OUT WHAT HE'S UP TO!





SOON AFTERWARDS, AS PROSPECTOR GEORGE HARRIS EDGES INTO THE EERIE, DEAD TOWN...

THOSE OUTLAWS ARE BATTLING JUST AS THEY DID WHEN THEY WERE ALIVE -- EXCEPT NOW THEY'RE ALL **UNKILLABLE!** LET'S SEE -- THE KINGPIN OUTLAWS USUALLY TRANSACTED BUSINESS IN THE BACK ROOM OF THE SALOON -- AND I BET THAT'S WHERE PRESCOTT IS **RIGHT NOW!**

# SALOON

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

I WAS RIGHT -- **THERE HE IS!**

... DON'T YOU SEE -- WHY SHOULD YOU BE CONTENT TO LIVE OUT GHOSTLY LIVES, HAVING GHOSTLY GUN-FIGHTS WITH GHOSTS YOU CAN'T KILL? I'VE GOT A **BETTER IDEA!**

UNDER **MY** LEADERSHIP, YOU AND YOUR MEN CAN STEAL AND KILL AGAIN -- YOU CAN CRACK EVERY BANK IN THE WEST, HIJACK EVERY TRAIN, ROB EVERY POST OFFICE -- YOU'LL TAKE **MILLIONS** IN EACH HAUL WHEN I PICK THE TARGETS!

YEAH, BUT WE AIN'T GOT NO USE FER MONEY NO MORE -- **YUH'RE** THE ONE WHO'LL BE GITTIN' THE MOST OUTA THE DEAL!

YOU'LL BE **LIVING** AGAIN -- CARRYING ON WHERE YOU LEFT OFF IN YOUR REAL LIFE!

HE'S **RIGHT!** WITHOUT SOME REAL ACTION, WE'D SOON WISH WE WUZ **BACK IN OUR GRAVES!**

IT'S A DEAL, PARDNER -- YOU PICK OUT THE TARGETS, AN' WE'LL KNOCK 'EM OVER!

AN INVISIBLE GANG OF GHOSTLY OUTLAWS PREYING ON THE LIVING -- THE SLAUGHTER WOULD BE TERRIFIC! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING TO STOP THEM -- WAIT -- I THINK I'VE GOT IT!

SOON AFTERWARDS, ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN...

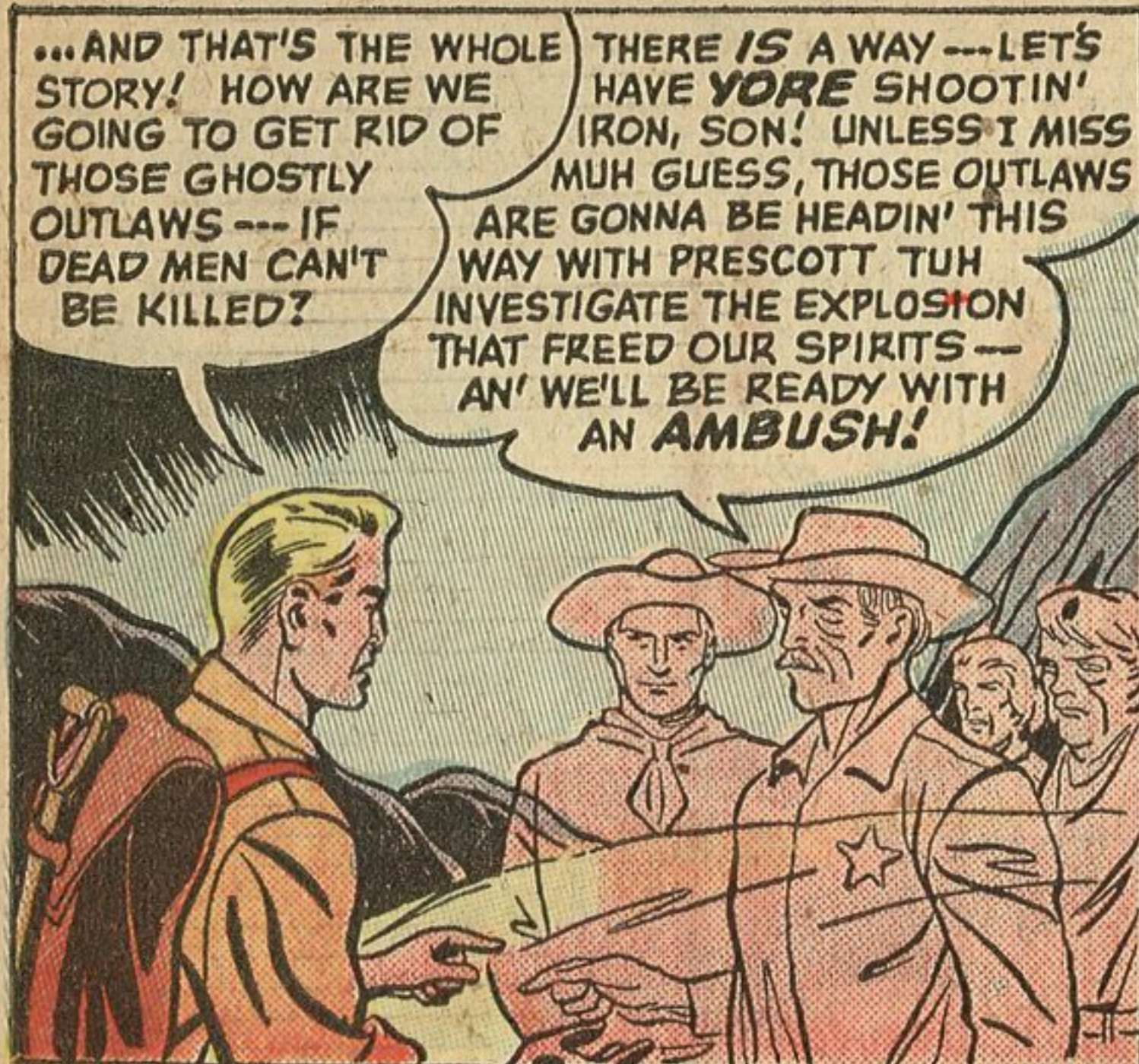
THIS MUST BE WHERE ALL THE **GOOD** PEOPLE OF LEAD CITY WERE BURIED! SO IF I CAN RAISE **THEIR** SPIRITS, MAYBE I CAN GET UP A LARGE ENOUGH POSSE OF VIGILANTES TO **OVERPOWER** THE OUTLAWS!

AND SO, AS BEFORE --

**BOOM!**

IT WORKED -- **HERE THEY COME!** NOW TO STOP THEM AND TELL THEM ABOUT THE OUTLAWS! -- **HOLD ON, THERE -- LISTEN TO ME --!**





...AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY! HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET RID OF THOSE GHOSTLY OUTLAWS --- IF DEAD MEN CAN'T BE KILLED?

THERE *IS* A WAY --- LET'S HAVE **YORE** SHOOTIN' IRON, SON! UNLESS I MISS MUH GUESS, THOSE OUTLAWS ARE GONNA BE HEADIN' THIS WAY WITH PRESCOTT TUH INVESTIGATE THE EXPLOSION THAT FREED OUR SPIRITS --- AN' WE'LL BE READY WITH AN **AMBUSH!**



THAT EXPLOSION MUST'VE BEEN SET OFF BY THE MAN I CAME HERE WITH --- **GEORGE HARRIS!** IF HE'S SCHEMING TO RUIN MY LITTLE PLAN, I WANT HIM **KILLED!**

JEST LEAVE 'IM TUH US!



ARGH!

IT...IT'S THE SHERIFF!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!



WHEN, AS PRESCOTT'S DEATH GASP FADES AWAY--A DYING SHRIEK FROM THE UNDEAD SPLITS THE MOUNTAIN AIR!

YAAAGH!



THEY... THEY DISSOLVED INTO DUST-- VANISHED INTO NOTHINGNESS!

SHORE-- THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS TUH GHOSTS WHEN THE MAN WHO DISTURBED THEIR GRAVES AN' RAISED 'EM FROM THE DEAD IS KILLED!



BUT... BUT I WAS THE ONE WHO DISTURBED **YOUR** GRAVES! DOES THAT MEAN I HAVE TO DIE BEFORE YOU CAN GO BACK TO ETERNAL PEACE?

WHY SHOULD WE HAVE TUH GO BACK TUH OUR GRAVES? WE GOT A GHOST TOWN HERE THAT NO ONE EVER USES--- NO ONE'LL EVER BOTHER US! WE'LL BE PLUMB CONTENT TUH MAKE IT A **REAL GHOST TOWN** UNTIL YUH DIE A NATURAL DEATH!



LUCKY FOR THOSE GHOSTS THIS AREA TURNED OUT TO HAVE ONLY MINUTE AMOUNTS OF URANIUM --- NOT ENOUGH TO MINE --- OTHERWISE THIS TOWN WOULD'VE BEEN FLOODED WITH MINERS SOON! THIS WAY, IT'LL BE A **REAL GHOST TOWN -- FOR REAL GHOSTS!**



## You Can WIN

This 15" tall  
SILVER TROPHY  
JUST AS I DID IN  
10 MINUTES  
OF FUN  
A DAY!

# I GAINED 53 LBS. OF SHAPELY MUSCLES!

Which of these

## 2 ME'S is YOU?

THAT 112 LB.-6 FT.

SPINDLE-**SISSY** below  
ARMED WAS ME  
A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE  
YOUR LAST  
CHANCE  
TO GET FOR  
ALL 5 **10c**  
PICTURE  
PACKED COURSES  
MILLIONS HAVE  
BEEN SOLD FOR  
\$1 AND MORE

When I enrolled I was  
a skinny, sick weak-  
ling. As you can see  
in my "Before" Photo I  
looked like a child...  
years younger than my  
age. I was ashamed to  
take a picture in bath-  
ing trunks as I do now.  
I was shy with girls  
because I had nothing  
to show off. A few  
weeks after starting  
the Jowett Course my  
body was the best in  
the neighborhood. Now  
I get respect and ad-  
miration from every  
fellow and girl I meet.

*Roger D. Hirsch*  
NEW YORK

There's that  
skinny scarecrow  
ROGER. Let's  
pass him by!



**ROGER HIRSCH**  
was a 112 lb. 6 ft. WEAKLING.  
Look at him NOW—  
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN  
from Head to Toe

as **YOU**  
can be  
soon!

**YES!** You'll see INCH upon INCH of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to  
YOUR ARMS. Your CHEST deepened. Your BACK AND  
SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain SOLIDITY,  
SIZE, POWER, SPEED! You'll become an ALL-Around, ALL-American  
HE-MAN, A WINNER in everything you tackle—or my Training won't  
cost you one solitary cent.

Develop **YOUR 520 MUSCLES**  
Gain Pounds, **INCHES, FAST!**

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a LIFETIME STUDY of every way  
known to develop your body. Then I devised the BEST by TEST, my  
"5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER" the only method that builds you 5-ways  
fast. You save YEARS, DOLLARS like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like  
champ Roger Hirsch did. Like MANY THOUSANDS like you did. SO Mail  
coupon NOW!

MAIL COUPON IN TIME FOR FREE OFFER!

**NO!** friend you  
don't have to be  
**SKINNY** any more  
just mail **NOW**  
the **FREE**  
coupon below  
as I did. Soon  
**YOU** can add

6 1/2 inches to your **CHEST**  
3 inches to each **ARM**  
and the rest  
in proportion  
just as I did.

Come on, **PAL, NOW**  
**YOU** GIVE ME

**10** PLEASANT MINUTES A  
DAY IN YOUR HOME... AND I'LL GIVE  
**YOU** a NEW HE-MAN BODY  
For Your OLD SKELETON FRAME.

says *George F. Jowett* World's Greatest  
Builder of HE-MEN

**NO!** I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're  
a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're  
short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is JUST  
10 EXCITING MINUTES in your home to MAKE YOU OVER  
by the SAME METHOD I turned myself from a wreck  
to a Champion of Champions.



**BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!**

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AM-29

"Jowett Courses  
greatest in  
World for  
Building  
All-Around  
HE-MEN"  
—R. F. Kelley  
Director  
Physical

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING  
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of  
Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building  
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest. 2. How to Build a  
Mighty Arm. 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip. 4. How to Build  
a Mighty Back. 5. How to Build Mighty Legs—Now all in One  
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN." ENCLOSED FIND 10c  
FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s).

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_





# Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

## BUY NOW at our LOW LOW PRICES!

**NEW! SENSATIONAL!**  
**8 METAL CAR**  
**"ACTION FLEET"**  
A Terrific Toy Set

- Windows Go Up and Down
- Windshield wipers move...
- Gun moves and Bangs,
- Bell clangs...
- Taximeter registers...

Fascinate the youngsters with hours of fun and action. Imagine—every car WORKS in the line of duty! 1 car with working windshield wiper, 2 cars with windows that open and close, 1 police car with gun that bangs and recoils, 1 ambulance with ringing and swaying bell, 2 taxis with meters that register fare, 1 fire chief car with bell that rings and sways. All 8 cars made of durable steel... rubber wheels cannot come out... bottoms completely enclosed... all new Two-tone and metallic finish... all differently colored. **SEND NO MONEY** (C.O.D., you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

**Terrific Value Only**  
**\$2.98**  
**COMPLETE**

**Hi! I'm GINGER!**  
the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

**FREE HAIR WAVE KIT**

**NEW!**

A wonderful new doll in ashable rubber Wonderskin whose hair is so lifelike it can be waved in any style and rewaved just like your own. A perfect playmate for the "Junior Mother" of the house. Complete with real Hair-wave kit which consists of... plastic curlers... rubber waving bands... plastic comb... and bottle of hair wave lotion. Ginger is 11 inches tall. Her soft cuddly body which can be bathed will give the "Junior Miss" an almost real baby sister to play with.

**TERRIFIC VALUE!**  
**only \$3.98**  
**complete**

**RUSH YOUR ORDER TODAY!**

**AMAZING • EXCITING • IT'S TELEVUE!**  
**SUPER DELUXE**  
**ELECTRIC TV PROJECTOR**  
SHOWS REAL FILMS

- A BIG SHOW "Little Red Riding Hood"
- A REAL PROJECTOR! Bright Red Plastic!
- A COLORFUL THEATRE with Screen!
- COMPLETELY SAFE! Any Child Can Operate

**EXTRA FILM 3 FILMS ONLY \$1.00**

SHOW WHITE THE OWL AND THE PUSSY CAT JINGLE BELLS THREE LITTLE PIGS JACK AND JILL RIP VAN WINKLE TOM THUMB ROBINSON CRUSOE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT WINKIN WILLIE

Now any child can show the most exciting movies at home with this streamlined TELEVUE Projector, complete with colorful theatre and screen. The bright red plastic projector is safe and simple to operate — nothing to get out of order. Think of the fun of watching your favorite come to life on the theatre screen! This Super Deluxe Projector will mean big movie parties for friends and family. You boys and girls will be fascinated with the Big Movie Shows, and running movies all by yourself is the greatest treat of them all!

**Imagine Only \$2.98**  
**COMPLETE Projector, One Film and Screen!**

**HAPPY the COWBOY**

HE'S OVER 19" TALL!  
MOVES HIS MOUTH,  
ARMS AND LEGS!  
REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

Hey kids—here's your chance to become a master ventriloquist—in a jiffy! Imagine—you can make HAPPY the COWBOY actually talk! (in your own voice, of course.) Pull the string in the back of his head—watch his lips move—hear your own words coming right out of HAPPY'S mouth! See how real he looks—rigged up in a cowboy hat, washable plaid shirt and western pants... Show off your skill at parties—at school! **SEND NO MONEY**. (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

**Imagine! Only \$2.98 Complete**

**SEND COUPON!**

**NOVELTY MART, Dept. AG-4**  
59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me the following:  
Enclosed find: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

<input type="checkbox"/> 8 Metal Cars \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> T. V. Projector \$2.98 (3 Films \$1.00)
<input type="checkbox"/> HAPPY THE COWBOY \$2.98	<input type="checkbox"/> Ginger \$3.98

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**SEND NO MONEY**

C.O.D. you pay postage and handling charges. Remit with order we pay postage.

**NOVELTY MART 59 East 8th Street, Dept. AG-4 New York 3,**